2 Reades, 33 Reeds, 1 Reede, 113 Reids, 781 Smiths, 18 Schmidts, 27 Smyths, 93 Balleys, 7 Bailies, 13 Baillies, 7 Bailys, 8 Bayleys, 1 Baylie, 5 Baylys.

* * *

"This province is ruled by cowards, or good Catholics would not have to encounter threats of hell fire or defend lawsuits in order to gain one of the common rights of citizenship. Separate school trustees have had to fight for a privilege that it is the business of the Government to extend to all."

The above paragraph from the *Evening Telegram* states boldly and truthfully the position in which liberal Catholics have been placed in this province by the Mowat Government's persistent truckling to the hierarchy. I have frequently pointed out the absurdity of always classifying the Catholics as a unit, as a body of men and women who obey implicitly everything the priests tell them and yield up without a struggle their personal independence in matters in which the clerics should not interfere. It is lamentably true of the Catholic church, as it is of many other churches, that clerical influence is altogether too prevalent, but to say that it is all powerful would be a scandal on human nature. It is nothing but just to add that amongst the priests themselves there is no united demand for religious absolutism. Like all other classes some are liberal while others are bigoted; some desire to control the conscience and soul of the parishioner merely because they are inordinately fond of power; others seek for the same end because they are religious fanatics and imagine that they can do not know enough to take care of themselves. Both varieties of clerics can be found in the Protestant as well as the Catholic priesthood, but it would be an evil day for this country were power to fall into the hands of either faction. Mr. Mowat is responsible for perpetuating the power of the most bigoted priests over the votes cast for Separate School trustees. The Rev. Father Rooney, the chairman of the Board, is a pious but unyielding man. Those who know him are aware that his nature is too kindly to desire to assert an unseemly power over his parishioners, but he is every inch a Catholic and a cleric, and he believes it to be for the good of his parishioners. This, however, does not justify the Government in permitting the surveillance which he exercises at the polls, or the absolute authority which he asserts in the School Board itself.

* * *

The liberal Catholics at one time had a mighty champion in Colonel Peter Ryan, and it very much surprises me to see this present contest waged with such bitterness without the helping hand of the erstwhile defender of popular rights. Probably it is explicable on the same basis as the adherence of Father Mowat to the clerical side of the question. When office is on one side and liberty on the other, office always has the stronger pull.

* * *

The nomination of Mayor Clendenan of West Toronto Junction as the Conservative candidate in West York and the platform he insisted upon as the only worthy one before him, suggests to me a plan of campaign which I should not be surprised to see adopted. If, as it has been continually rumored, Mr. Meredith retires from the leadership of the Opposition, and Mr. D'Alton McCarthy were to become leader of the Conservative party in Ontario, why would it not be possible for the Equal Righters and the Conservatives to join hands? Mr. McCarthy does not deny that he is still a Conservative, but asserts that he has left his party on a question of principle. If, as leader of the Opposition his platform continues to be that of the Equal Rights party, why should they not join hands with him? True, many who have been Reformers might object to the name but they would be inconsistent in so doing if they are as much wedded to the principles as they have declared themselves to be. The Ontario Conservative party with the Equal Rights platform would be a power, and names have begun to mean so little in our politics that I imagine a great many Liberals would not feel hurt in fighting under the Conservative banner so long as the principles of equal rights to all were being properly upheld. At the present juncture a change of leadership might inspire some courage in the Conservative ranks. A man of Mr. McCarthy's aggressiveness and tenacity, supported by so strong a public feeling as has been evinced during the past few months, would make even the old timers who are not much in love with the principles of the Equal Righters fight as they have not fought for years. Mr. McCarthy could do, too, what Mr. Meredith cannot; he could go to constituencies where nominations have already been made, and ask for the resignation of the candidate, and for the nomination of a strong man who would assist him in the fight and give solidity to the party. As things look now it would not be difficult to persuade many of the candidates to retire, the fight appears so utterly hopeless. With new nominations, men from the Equal Rights party and independent men who are recognized throughout the province as such, could be given prominent positions and the movement could become a wonderfully strong one. It is not yet too late to change the plan of campaign. D'Alton McCarthy has still an opportunity to introduce a measure in the House which shall force the members there to clearly declare themselves; there is still a session of the Local House in which the Conservatives could drag the real motives of the Government into prominence. I am assured that the Ontario Government fears some such movement; that even after the Lambton election some of the ministry were in favor of going to the country forthwith. Though the country would be sorry to see Mr. Meredith retire from politics, yet it is a prevalent impression that he cannot win, and with this idea in people's minds, the battle is already lost. Though it must be admitted that the Mowat Government has done many good things, it cannot be denied that it is altogether too secure in its position, too absolute in rule and yearly becoming more careless of the best phases of public opinion. So thoroughly accepted is this idea that I am confident that many Liberals would support a movement under any name that had within it the elements of possible success, or, even if it did no more, to bring the Government to its senses by the creation of a vigorous Opposition.

DON.

Social and Personal.

The present season has been notable chiefly on account of several brilliant and important weddings, and in a lesser degree on account of the number and splendor of recent dinner parties. The few balls that have taken place have been in all respects delightful, but as compared with former years they have been but few. The number of afternoon At Homes shows also a great falling off, but this nobody seems greatly to regret, for while all very well in their way, people have been of late years so surfeited with this species of entertainment, that it has lost much of its attraction. After dinner at Homes, or musicals as they are generally called, seem on the other hand to have increased in popularity. The chief disadvantage of the latter is the comparative scarcity of amateur talent, both musical and dramatic. The same songs sung by the same kind and good-natured ladies and gentlemen night after night cannot fail to end in making the entertainment monotonous. In other places hosts and hostesses call professionals to the aid of their over-taxed musical friends, why is this not more commonly done in Toronto? Whenever the experiment has been tried, it has succeeded. There is plenty of professional talent here, instrumentalists, singers and elocutionists, and many of them very able exponents of their arts.

*

Although the enthusiasts of the ballroom are at present deploring the want of their favorite amusement, signs are not wanting that their good time is coming. Apparently there will not be many dances before Christmas, but when that season is past it seems that there will be no lack of them. The ball which the Toronto Club is discussing will probably take place in their new and magnificent club-house early in January, and is already talked of as the great event of the season. The members of another club, which boasts of fine quarters, are debating a rivalry of the older institution, while I could name half a dozen private houses where dances are on the *tapis*.

*

Previous to Mr. Hume Blake's marriage early in January, he is to be given a dinner by his friends. It is decided that this event will take place at the Toronto Club on Saturday, December 23. Mr. Blake has been a figure of note, both in Toronto society, and in Toronto athletics for many years. His popularity is unbounded and the attendance at the dinner in his honor is certain to be very large.

*

Miss Skree of New York is staying with relations in town. Miss Skree has been for some time past a frequent visitor to Toronto.

*

Staff-Commander Wright, R.N., was in town this week. This is by no means Captain Wright's first visit here, and his friends are numerous.

*

The following ladies and gentlemen were present at a dinner given at Government House last Saturday night: Right Rev. the Bishop of Ontario and Mrs. Lewis, Right Rev. the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Right Rev. the Bishop of Huron and Mrs. Baldwin, Right Rev. the Bishop of Nova Scotia, Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin, Major and Mrs. Foster, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Allan, Rev. D. J. and Mrs. Macdonnell, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. Hillyard Cameron, Rev. W. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Miss Mary Campbell, Miss Greig, Miss Langmuir, Mr. G. F. Burton, Mr. Frank Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Rev. Canon Harcourt Vernon, Rev. J. D. and Mrs. Cayley, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Rev. H. G. and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bethune, Mr. W. B. Bridgeman Simpson, Miss S. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. H. Harcourt Vernon, Miss Isabel Mackenzie, Mr. C. Hamilton.

*

Mr. L. R. O'Brien, President of the Royal Canadian Academy, sailed from Liverpool by the City of New York on November 27. The last three months he has spent in Devonshire, where he has had a fine summer's painting.

*

Over a hundred prominent dentists and dental students gathered at the Arlington on the evening of Thursday, November 21. The occasion was the fifth annual dinner of the faculty and students of the Toronto School of Dentistry of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons. Toasts, and a musical programme rendered by the students, filled the after dinner time enjoyably.

*

At the opening of the Toronto Art Gallery on the evening of Nov. 22 a large number were present. The paintings were eagerly viewed by the many who had taken the opportunity of seeing some renowned pieces of art. Among those present were; Mr. Dickson Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton McCarthy, Mr. G. Bruenech, Rev. and Mrs. W. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Brock, Hon. and Mrs. John Beverley Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Bell Smith, Col. and Mrs. Shaw, Miss Sutherland, Mrs. Heaslip, Mrs. McCrae of London, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, Mr. Arthur Cox, the Misses Eaton, Mr. and Miss Boultbee, Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, Mr. George Musson, Brazilian vice-consul, Mr. G. Darby, Mr. J. F. Bryce, Miss Cochrane, Mr. Nichol, Liberian vice-consul, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Reid, Mr. H. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Thompson, Mr. Pope, United States Vice-Consul, Mrs. Pope, Mr. A. S. Thompson, Miss Burfield, Mr. J. S. Murray, Swedish Consul, Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. McMurray, Mr. and Miss Gunther.

*

During the evening the orchestra added its quota to the entertainment and Miss Laura McManis of Indianapolis gave two whistling solos which were well received.

*

On the evening of Wednesday, November 20, Rev. Prof. Jones and his niece Mrs. Strachan, gave an At Home for the students of Trinity College. A large number availed themselves of the invitation to be present, and the usually grave aspect of the college was changed to a brilliant and merry one of social life. Students and outside guests were unanimous in the declaration that the At Home at Trinity was a thoroughly enjoyable affair. A list of those present, which has been furnished me, but which I have not space to print, comprises most of the names best known in Toronto society.

*

I received a neat invitation from the Faculty and Students of Toronto Medical College to their annual dinner at the Rossin House on Thursday evening. Being too late for an extended notice in SATURDAY NIGHT this week, all I can say of it is that no doubt the jovial meds will keep up, if not surpass, their old reputation for an excellent dinner and a happy time.

*

The musical and floral fete, held in the Academy of Music on Monday night, was well attended. It was under the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor and Miss Campbell and the Colonel and officers of the Royal Grenadiers. The ladies under whose management the diversified entertainment was conducted cannot fail to be pleased that their efforts attained such a marked success, and that so many dollars can be added to the funds of the Orphans' Home.

*

The auditorium held those who were interested in the stage, and those who affected to be and never saw it. These sat in forsaken corners and talked in low tones, while the band played loudly and almost everyone had forgotten them. There was freedom in a marked degree. There was an entire absence of stiffness in the proceedings. Flowers were sold or bon-bons disposed of, or pictures viewed, just as one chose. Evening dress was *derigeur*, but even in that respect the self-pleasing ones were numerous, for of those not intending to dance, the majority wore afternoon dress.

*

Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Miss Cockburn, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Melfort Boulton and Miss Hodgins disposed of flowers. Daintily pretty in their arrangement, pleasing in their freshness and beauty, who could resist a purchase of the fragrant flowers offered for sale by beautiful women in pretty gowns? Candy table—Mrs. Cawthra, Mrs. Sprague, Miss Denison, Miss Cawthra, Miss Bunting, Miss May Todd, Miss McCarthy, Miss Helen Beardmore and the Misses Armour of Cobourg. This, too, proved fascinating. It was prettily arranged, and displaying triumphs in the way of bonbons, drew marvelous custom. The ice cream and tea tables, presided over by Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Mrs. Henry Duggan, Miss McFarlane, Miss Michie, Miss Walker and Mrs. W. B. McMurrich, Mrs. J. S. McMurray, Mrs. Lockhart, Miss Murray, Miss Fuller and the Misses Lockhart, were also attractive to large numbers.

*

The attractive *fete* was a pleasing success, and after two or three hours spent in dancing, the entertainment, attractive in its uniqueness, was brought to a close. "Very enjoyable," sighed a pretty, golden-haired girl, "and then, you know"—archly, "it is for sweet charity's sake!"

*

Miss Constance Stanton of Cobourg, who has been paying a short visit to Mrs. Lockhart of College street, went home on Thursday evening.

*

Miss Cosens of Savannah, Georgia, after spending several weeks with Mrs. Riordan of Queen's Park, left for her far off home this week.

*

Miss Eva Gooderham will entertain a large number of young people at her father's residence (Mr. Robert Gooderham), Sherbourne street, on Friday evening, December 6. Dancing.

*

Miss Madaline Fraser, one of the pretty Cobourg girls, after paying a brief visit to Mrs. James Crowther, Bloor street west, took her departure home this week.

*

Miss Ethel Sherwood of Ottawa is staying with her cousin, Mrs. George Crawford of Church street.

*

Mrs. George W. Torrance is back in town again, and living in Mrs. Cameron's house on Carlton street.

*

Miss Boulton of Grange road came home on Thursday from London, where she has been staying for a couple of months with Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Helimuth.

*

Mrs. H. K. Merritt of Shrewsbury Lodge, Simcoe street, will be At Home to-day to her large circle of friends between the hours of four and seven o'clock.

*

The many friends of Miss Rowand will learn with regret that she returns to her home in the ancient capital this morning. Owing to recent family bereavement she has been in mourning for some time and consequently unable to take her usual prominent place in our ball rooms where she has always been a special favorite. Society will regret her departure but will hail with delight the whispered probability of her making Toronto her home in the near future.

*

On last Wednesday evening Mr. W. G. Tapsfield, chief clerk in the City Directory office, celebrated the forty-seventh anniversary of his birthday by inviting his brother employees numbering twenty-five to supper at his residence on William street. The guests showed their appreciation of the host by presenting him with a handsome meerschaum pipe.

*

The smoking concert of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, which took place at Harry Webb's on Friday evening of last week, was a very successful affair, and the boys are to be congratulated. The attendance was large.

*

On Wednesday a large crowd assembled at the Broadway Tabernacle to see the marriage of Mr. Wm. Bentley Hall, second son of Capt. Hall, and Miss Ettie Carrol. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Byron Oliver. She wore a tasteful traveling dress of mahogany and cream color, with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of cream roses. Her bridesmaid, Miss Florence Parker, wore a terra cotta and pale pink costume, a velvet hat, and carried pink roses. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Robt. Hall. Rev. Dr. Parker performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Hall go west to Chicago on their wedding tour.

*

The conversazione in connection with the Anglican Jubilee held in the Pavilion on Wednesday evening was very successful despite the disagreeable weather. A large crowd was in attendance. The Grenadiers' Band furnished music; the ladies served Soothsome refreshments and their Lordships, the Bishops, delivered short speeches. Among those present were: The Bishop of Toronto, Bishop Courtney of Nova Scotia, Bishop Sullivan of Algoma, Rev. Canon Du Moulin, Rev. Dr. John Langtry, Rev. Dr. Carry, Rev. Canon Davidson, Rev. Dr. Scadding, Rev. A. J. Broughall, Rev. Rural Dean Kirkby, Very Rev. Dean Innis, Rev. John Jones, Rev. Canon Harding, Rev. T. E. Cooper, Rev. T. Goldat, Rev. J. H. Goddar, Rev. James Lewis, Rev. Charles Harris, Rev. A. U. Miles, Rev. T. C. Street-Mackiem, Rev. Canon Murray, Rev. T. Saunder, Hon. G. W. Allar, Mr. G. W. Yarker, Mr. G. Herbert Mason, Mrs. and Miss DuMoulin, Miss Cox, Mrs. O'Brien, the Misses O'Brien, Miss Shanklyn, Miss Richardson, Miss Pearson, Mrs. O'Meara and Mrs. Langtry.

*

On Wednesday evening the Catholics of Toronto welcomed to this city Archbishop Walsh, the successor of Archbishop Lynch. A large contingent of prominent Catholic citizens met the new archbishop in Hamilton and escorted him to his destination. At the Union Station a procession was formed, which proceeded to St. Michael's Cathedral, where addresses were held and addresses presented from the priests and the laity of the arch-diocese. The inclemency of the weather had the effect of lessening the crowd. After the ceremonies at the Cathedral were finished a banquet was held at the Palace, which was presided over by Archbishop Walsh and at which the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the church were present. The conduct of the despicable cowards who hurled stones and vile language at the procession and from whom it was reported the Archbishop had suffered some bodily injury, cannot be too severely condemned.

*

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Chas. Powell, of 44 Wellington Place, for an "At Home," to take place on the evening of Friday, December 6.

*

The success of the dance at the entertainment given in aid of the Protestant Orphans' Home, at the Academy of Music, on Monday night, has suggested a revival of "the assemblies," which were so popular twenty years ago. A committee has been formed, and probably three assemblies will be given at the Academy during the winter.

*

Mr. J. W. Bengough has returned to the city after a highly successful lecture tour in British Columbia and the North West territories. He speaks in glowing terms of the hearty reception he everywhere met with, and says he enjoyed the trip immensely throughout.

*

The members of the Solteros Club intend giving an At Home, early in December.

*

In a recent issue of the Guelph *Herald* I noticed that Mrs. and Miss Edith, wife and daughter of Thomas Worswick, mechanical engineer, late of Toronto, left that city recently to spend the winter with Mr. J. E. Worswick of Montgomery, Ala.

*

On November 14 a number of guests assembled at the residence of Mr. John Inglis, sr. The occasion was the marriage of his daughter, Miss Helen Inglis to Mr. George S. Bedingfield. Rev. Mr. McKay performed the marriage ceremony. The bride's attending maid was Miss Kate Brechbill of Berlin, and the groom was supported by Mr. Thomas Soole of this city. The wedding gifts were many, costly and appropriate. Mr. and Mrs. Bedingfield departed amid hearty congratulations from their assembled friends.

*

An attractive booklet announces a course of literary and scientific evenings in connection with the Presbyterian Ladies' College by Principal Macintyre and Rev. John Stenhouse. The series opens November 29, and extends into May, 1890.

The Academy of Music.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday, December 5, 6 and 7, the favorite actress, Marie Wainwright, will appear at the Academy of Music in her superb presentation of Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. This is said, on the authority of many of the ablest critics in America, to be the most artistic setting ever given to a Shakespearean comedy. Manager Greene is to be congratulated on having secured this attraction. Miss Wainwright is well known to Toronto audiences from her visits here as leading woman with Lawrence Barrett, and during her starring tours with her husband, Mr. Louis James. She is one of the most beautiful women on the stage, and one of the most charming, skilful and intellectual of actresses. It is easy to understand that she should make an almost ideal Viola. The scenic display will be something splendid. There will be no increase in the regular prices.

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We Are the Deities, dramatic song	40

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Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE.—Loose sleeves have come amongst us, and figuratively speaking, brought all their belongings, for they've come to stay. The two styles which find the most favor, are the leg o' mutton, and the pleated sleeve with a tight cuff six inches long. Some of the leg o' mutton sleeves are made a little less full than others, and when this is the case they are trimmed from shoulder to elbow with a pointed piece of velvet, or a v-shaped application of passementerie.

Turbans, bonnets and even large brimmed hats are made of seal. Very pretty they look on account of their becoming richness, and many dollars they cost on account of their great demand.

The three newest styles in furs are the tippet, the pereline, and the shoulder cape. The tippet is the old fashioned one come back, with the front tabs cut off. The pereline is a tippet pointed back and front, and larger than the first mentioned tippet. The shoulder cape is an intricately-fashioned affair with high puffed shoulders, and often revers of a different kind of fur. How funny it would look to us to see a man carrying a muff, and yet I read an old poem written in 1638, in which a young lawyer is spoken of as "a spark of the bar with his cane and his muff." Dear me! The dudes can scarcely manage a cane now-a-days, what would they do with a muff?

Pretty little velvet turbans have two wings of lace exactly in front. The wings are wired and stand out. The high collars of velvet threaten to change into lace ones, a la Queen Elizabeth. Some man in writing of the coming collar wailed: "Fancy a man trying to cuddle a girl with a foot of wired muslin standing out at the back of her neck, and especially where you've only a minute to snatch a couple of kisses"

"Dresses for the street are very, very plain," asserts a fashion paper. I'm glad to know it's correct to dispense with all superfluity of goods, for I do not want one sixteenth of a yard extra on my dresses for the sake of the brushing.

"Good dressing," says Mrs. Kendall, "means always the wearing of such garments as are considered appropriate and conventional for the time and place in the country you are in."

I would like to hear from a number of ladies on the subject—where and when diamonds should be worn. I have my own opinion, but it seems to clash with that of many a woman whom I meet on the streets of Toronto.

A new Parisian invention is the glove pocket. Kid gloves have in the palm of the hand a tiny pocket, closing with a steel clasp. It holds quite an amount of money—about as much as a woman generally has to carry—and I should think they would be much sought. The only thing is that fingers will wear out just as quickly as ever, and then the expensive pocket gloves are gone.

Leather cases for bracelets are now made to hang from the side. If the chatelaine rage continues, my lady will be able to carry all her belongings in the way of trinkets, in a jingling, glittering, dancing bunch, hanging from her belt.

With much interest I have read an article on the origin and growth of the custom of wearing bracelets. Men wore them in ancient times, sometimes on the upper arm. Then a band of silken or woolen goods was used, and the jewels sewn on it. These were called manacles. One of the Frenchmen at the Court of Charles V. wore for a whole year a bracelet, given and clasped on by his lady love. Bless the man! He wasn't afraid someone would find out that he was engaged and tell all the other girls and stop his fun

Umbrella handles, mounted in silver and gold, grow heavier, and are now quite useful. One upon being opened discloses a wee powder box, another a scent bottle, and another a watch. Umbrellas will be stolen oftener than ever now.

A new shoe is of tan and patent leather combined. Ugh! I don't like to think of it. Tan alone is bad enough, but with black——!

Jackets are made to match nearly all the tailor made gowns, and a great many are wearing scarlet jersey cloth short jackets. A Londoner, in writing of them, says that the way those bright little patches of red come upon one, in the midst of the London fog, is simply delight-ful.

The fashionable fall flowers are chrysanthemums, white heather and autumn leaves are also used exten-tively.

Yours sincerely,
CLIP CAREW.

The Surprises of Drama.

A certain newspaper man and occasional writer on theatricals, well known to box office autocrats and doorkeepers around town, has never within the history of man been known to buy an entrance ticket at any of Toronto's theaters or concert halls. The other day he walked up to the box office window of one of our local play houses and accosted the individual within, only to be answered with:

"You new-paper men always come around bothering a fellow when he's busy. What is it?"

The scribe looked fixedly at the young man inside as he thrust his hand deep into his trousers pocket and pulled out a roll of bills. He counted out seven dollars, which he handed in, and then, pointing to the plan, said:

"Give me these seven seats on the front row for next Friday night."

The ticket man's eyes bulged out, he made several frantic grabs at his head as if to corral his escaping wits, and then, with a yell that would have sounded well in La Tosca, he fell to the floor with a dull, —— ——.

Innocence Must be Protected.

Tom—May I kiss your little baby sister?
Fanny (aged sixteen, distrustfully)—No, she isn't old enough.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Might Count on Her for That.

"Miss Simpkins is a very sharp spoken girl," said Bifkins to one of his friends.

"Yes; it has struck me so."

"Do you think she is a woman who would make home happy?"

"I couldn't say as to that; but I think you could count on her to make it interesting."

A Modern Enoch Arden.

Old Neighbor—My goodness, Mr. Arden, you back, after all these years! Don't you know your wife has married again?

Mr. Arden—Yes, I heard of it afore I started. Guess I kin live here in peace now.

The Easiest Way.

Jones having sent a stupid servant to do an errand, was greatly annoyed on finding that he had done exactly the opposite of what he had been ordered.

"Why, you haven't common-sense," he remonstrated.

"But, sir ——"

"Shut up! I should have remembered that you were an idiot. When I'm tempted to send a fool on an errand again, I'll not ask you—I'll go myself."—*Judge.*

A Bright Journalist.

Evening World Foreman (excitedly)—Here's a go! Johnson, the murderer, has just been found innocent and the Governor has telegraphed a pardon. We've got the whole account of the hanging set up and the form is on the press.

Editor (coolly)—Don't get excited, my boy. Just set over the account in large caps:

JOHNSON PARDONED!

BELOW IS A FULL ACCOUNT OF WHAT HE ESCAPED.

The Species Identified.

Mabel—Isn't young Mr. Dolly a spruce fellow?

Amy—I knew he was a stick, but I did not know exactly what kind.

Too Long for Her to Wait.

Mrs. McNamara—Will yez hurry, man? It's late t' choorch we'll b.."

McNamara—Oi hov only me upper lip t' shave, dar-lin'.

Mrs. McNamara—Ot t'ink O'll go on mesilf an' meet yez comin' back.—*Judge.*

Fine Tailoring.

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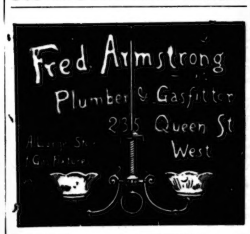

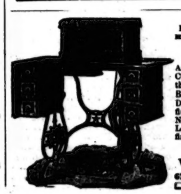

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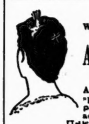

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TWO OPINIONS.

By the Author of "Dobbin," "Old Lovers," Etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

It was an old-fashioned, shabby, comfortable room, half sitting-room, half school-room—a room where voices were always merry, where small jokes were well received, where the piano jingled gaily and scales were played to an accompaniment of merry laughter, where French syntax and ancient history were read in the morning and forgotten with facility in the afternoon, and coffee of excellent richness was made and consumed in large quantities at strange hours.

The room was bright just now with a cheerful fire, which lighted up the wainscoted wall and the pictures opposite, and sent a flickering gleam now and then into the distant corners where the shadows dwelt. It revealed a littered table, draped with a shabby cloth, and bearing a collection of heterogeneous articles—a work-basket with satin lining and a dainty piece of embroidery half finished, a large spoon on a sticky dish, a French exercise and half-darned stocking, a cup containing golden-brown sherry, a battered dictionary, and an open novel. In the uncertain light the litter was picturesque, and the three pretty girls in straight shabby little gowns who sat on the hearthrug were as picturesque and dainty and charming as though their stuff garments had been softest silk, their frills uncrushed, their hands guiltless of ink stains, and the toes of their slippers quite black and sound.

They sat in a half circle on the rug, with their elbows on their knees and their chins in their palms, looking up admiringly into a pair of good-natured humorous gray eyes above them. The young man with the gray eyes leaned back at his ease in the old schoolroom rocking-chair, looked down smilingly at his pretty sisters, and caught the infection of their high spirits. It was a long time since they had last had Barry to themselves. How lucky it was that Aunt Anne and Miss Margery had gone out that evening! They had congratulated Barry over and over again on his good fortune in finding them alone; and they had entertained him royally, making a saucepanful of unusually crisp and rich coffee. Unfortunately Barry's appetite had somewhat failed him; but he derived pleasure, he said, in seeing the feast prepared, and in watching others consume it.

"And did you know, Barry, aunt Anne would be out to-night?" asked Loo.

"I thought it possible," admitted Barry with a strange smile.

"And did you guess, Barry, that we should be all alone?" inquired Jess. "Did you guess that aunt Anne would take Miss Margery with her?"

"That, I admit," said Barry gravely, "was a possibility that I did not foresee."

The three girls sat looking up at him stead fastly, their pretty brown eyes doing him homage. It was rarely indeed that Barry's visits were as luckily timed as this. If he came sometimes when aunt Anne was out, it always happened unfortunately that Miss Margery was at home; and Barry was so sweet tempered that he never would confess that Miss Margery's presence spoilt his visit. It was true that Miss Margery was different from many governesses—she was young—she was not starched and cold—she was spectacled—she was pleasing and merry. Still she was a governess—that fact remained. Moreover, she was a clever governess, which was certain disadvantage; she knew the kings of ancient history, she had mastered the complications of stocks and cube-root, she smiled at the simplicity of French syntax, and found no difficulty in interpreting the obscurest poets. It was undoubtedly good of Barry to ignore so much cleverness and appear at his ease with Miss Margery. It was "like Barry," the girls declared.

"And how came Aunt Anne to take Miss Margery with her?" asked Barry.

"Oh, it's a working-party, you know!" said Fan simply, with the air of one who gives an exhaustive explanation.

"The working-party lasts a long while," observed Loo cheerfully. "Hours! They can't come back before you go."

Barry looked into the fire rather absently for a few moments; then he glanced back again at the girls' upturned beaming faces and laughed suddenly.

"Do you tell Miss Margery how glad I am to miss her?" he asked, curiously.

His kindly lips twitched a little, his gray eyes were twinkling merrily; and presently, when no one was speaking, he laughed again, and we not explain the reason, though three pairs of eyes looked at him inquiringly.

"I wonder if Miss Margery rejoices at missing me?" he queried, after a brief pause.

"No; I don't think she minds," said Fan.

"Minds! Miss Margery likes Barry!" said Jess, in a tone of authority. "Of course she likes him! She has put you [into her novel, Barry. You are the hero—I mean you are like the hero—I mean the hero is like you."

Jess was the eldest and prettiest and most vivacious of the sisters. Fan and Loo were children still; but Jess, though her hair fell about her shoulders and her straight cut gown was short for her, was seventeen, and had womanly imperative little ways that were very charming. It was always Jess who had most to say.

"The hero isn't really like you, Barry," she exclaimed—"only the broad shoulders and long legs and arms and gray eyes. And Miss Margery has altered that now—his eyes are brown in the last part."

"And he falls in love," interposed Loo conclusively. "I don't see that he's like Barry."

There was a moment's pause, and then Jess sighed.

"I should like to fall in love," she said feelingly. "Why don't you fall in love, Barry? You're old enough."

Barry laughed.

"Fall in love with some one beautiful," said Fan.

"And very rich," put in Loo.—"And not clever," added Fan.

"And, when you have fallen in love, come and tell us all about it, Barry dear," said Jess.

Barry put his elbows on his knees after the fashion of his sisters, rested his chin on his hands, and looked down silently with his kindly eyes. "Suppose he told these children some portion of his secret! The thought came to him suddenly, and it seemed a good one. The chatterers had enough to do Miss Margery, and there was something he would like Miss Margery to understand—something he would like her to guess. He spoke quickly, pleased with his own thought.

"Suppose I tell you a secret!" he said.

"A secret! Oh, yes, tell it!" cried the girls eagerly.

"Suppose," continued Barry slowly, a little embarrassed and trying his best to speak unconcernedly—"suppose I tell you that—that I am in love!"

All the girls leaned a little nearer to him.

"Barry, you're serious!" said Jess, almost accusingly.

"Quite."

"There was a moment's pause; then the three girls spoke at once.

"Who is it, Barry!" "Do we know her!" they asked.

"Barry won't tell us who it is," added Jess, as she watched her brother's face. "We know her, Barry!"

"Yes, you know her," he replied, awkwardly, finding this catechising more embarrassing than he had foreseen. He got up, drew himself upright, and stood with his hands in his pockets in a careless attitude, trying with ill-success to feel at ease.

"Is she pretty?" asked Jess. "Oh, yes, very," said Barry, readily.

"Tall, Barry!" "As tall as a woman should be," with decision.

"Is she fair?" inquired Fan.

"Yes, fair," said Barry, "with pretty golden hair, you know—very golden, the most beautiful color in the world."

"And her eyes?" queried Loo. "Her eyes are blue," said Barry.

"She must be lovely!" declared Jess reflectively.

"Yes, she is," agreed Barry, with enthusiasm, but confusion.

"She isn't clever, is she?" asked Fan. "Aunt Anne won't hold her up as a pattern to us!"

"She's the cleverest girl in the world," said Barry simply.

"As clever as Miss Margery!" Jess was evidently sceptical.

"Quite," laughed Barry—"quite!"

"And when will you be married, Barry?" asked Loo curiously. "Will it be soon? Let it be soon! Let us be bridesmaids—and, Barry dear, the bridesmaids can have gold lockets to keep in remembrance of you!"

"Yes," said Barry dubiously, "I'll bear that in mind. But you—you jump at conclusions very quickly. You see, she may refuse me."

"Oh, that isn't likely!" declared Jess warmly.

"I don't know," rejoined Barry, evidently depressed by his doubts. "I think it's very likely. I'm a good enough fellow in my way; but I expect she hasn't any great opinion of me. Why should she have?"

There was a gloomy pause for about a minute. Barry stood with his back towards the fire. Jess clasped her hands behind her head, and looked before her reflectively.

"In the novel," she said musingly, "in Miss Margery's novel the heroine refuses the hero. Then—I don't think it is nice of him—he goes at once and marries some one else, some one quite different, somewhere quite poor and plain who is in love with him. Suppose—suppose she refuses you, shall you do that?"

Barry's eyes twinkled suddenly with amusement again. The girls' faces were so speculative, so serious, that his own gravity deserted him.

"Yes—that is precisely what I should do," he said.

At that moment a footstep was heard in the passage outside, and he stood silent. But his face fell when the footstep drew near; the one he had listened for was lighter and quicker than this. A tap came at the door, and a servant entered to lay the cloth for the school-supper. Barry moved to go.

"We'll keep the secret," said the girls, as he took his leave. "We won't breathe a word to anyone. Good night, Barry! Come again soon!"

"Good night!" said Barry, still lingering. "Don't—don't bother about the secret if—if you care to tell it, you know. Only—well, you needn't mention it to aunt Anne; and out-of-doors you needn't say anything about it."

Half an hour later, as the girls sat at the table, with their elbows on the white cloth, their eyes sparkling, their tongues busy, a carriage stopped beneath the schoolroom window, and aunt Anne and Miss Margery came in-doors talking to each other. A sweet musical voice said a "Good night" cheerily, and a light footstep was heard mounting the stairs. The girls removed their elbows from the table and looked round with expectancy. In another moment the schoolroom door opened and Miss Margery, their governess, came in.

She was a small, slim, dainty looking girl, four or five or ten miles away from her eldest pupil. Her blue-gray eyes and her sweet merry lips were charming; she carried herself well, with an air of quiet authority. Her face she was pleasing, graceful, and piquant rather than pretty. Her mouth, though no one ever wished it smaller, was a little too large perhaps for correct beauty; her nose, though no one ever wished it larger, was a small and an insignificant feature; her complexion was soft and clear, but there was a little too much of it to be lovingly and had left a tiny freckle on the fair skin. When she glanced quickly and frankly at her eyes and her lips was one forgot faults in mirth or tenderness, it was difficult then and thence forward to remember that she was not beautiful.

She smiled now as she entered the schoolroom. The working-party had been dull, and she was glad to be back again in the cheery atmosphere of her own sitting-room. The girls were all talking together, and talking more loudly than was consistent with polite behavior, but the very noise was homelike and welcome. Jess drew a chair to the table for her; Fan took her hat and wrap; Loo put the wine and biscuits and cake near her hand.

"I have been gone a long while," said Miss Margery, with a little sigh. "You have not been dull, girls?"

"Dull! not at all for." Miss Margery, who do you think has been here? He came almost as soon as you had started; and he went away only just now! It has been such a lovely evening!"

Miss Margery's face had flushed a little; she looked away from her pupils, and found herself reluctant to ask them who their visitor had been.

"Barry guessed that Aunt Anne would be out to-night," said Jess. "He came—he wanted to see us alone—there were things he wanted to tell us."

"Had he secrets to tell?" asked Miss Margery lightly, with a smile. "Loo, your elbow has rubbed the inevitable hole through your sleeve! That must be mended to-morrow."

Perhaps she was not sorry just then to find a flaw in some one. It afforded an excuse for a swift change of subject, and helped her to feel at her ease again.

"I'll mend it," said Loo meekly, but hastily. "And Barry told us such a wonderful secret, Miss Margery, about himself. You would never have guessed that Barry was in love, would you, Miss Margery?"

The close scrutiny of three pairs of eyes suddenly fixed upon her was embarrassing. Miss Margery rose up and went to the fire. She knelt on the rug, and made a pretence of warming her hands, which were not cold.

"You never would have guessed it, would you?" echoed Jess.

Miss Margery thought she had guessed it long ago, but she did not say so.

"Is he in love then, Jess?" she asked. "Did he tell you so?"

"He told us all about it," replied Jess.

"And we are going to be the bridesmaids," added Loo.

Miss Margery turned quickly and looked in a startled way at the girls. They were talking of Barry's marriage as though it were a certain and near event, and for some reason her spirits suddenly sank. She found it impossible either to smile or answer.

"We shall have gold lockets and new dresses!" cried Fan, gaily. "And, oh, I hope she'll be nice—I do hope she will be!"

"She's pretty," said Jess. "Barry says she's lovely. Beautiful people are generally nice—there's nothing to try their tempers. Don't you always wish you were beautiful, Miss Margery? I do!"

Miss Margery had risen from her kneeling posture, and now stood looking down at the fire, her face turned away from the girls. Her voice quavered a little and spoilt her careless speech.

"Perhaps I used to wish it—when I was foolish, like you, Jess," she said, with a little laugh. In spite of herself, her eyes were raised to the mirror above the mantel. Her face was pale, and she stared in a dull unadmiring gray at her hair and her set lips. No; she was not beautiful—and she was foolish, for she still regretted her lack of beauty.

"Barry described her to us," continued Jess. "She is fair—I wish I was fair!—and her hair is golden—the prettiest color—gold."

Miss Margery, looking up again, caught a glimpse of her own reflection once more. Her hair was pretty—it was brushed back from her brow in graceful waves, and coiled simply and loosely about her shapely little head—but it was not golden. There were threads amongst it of a warmer tint than gold, and her eyes were blind to its prettiness. She had long used all her life to think of it and speak of it as red; but she had never hated its redness as she hated it now.

"And her eyes," said Fan, "are blue. There are no blue eyes in the family yet. Barry's eyes are called blue sometimes, but his are like yours, Miss Margery."

And Miss Margery's eyes were grey.

"She is tall," put in Loo."

"Very tall," corrected Jess—"as tall, Barry said, as ever a woman should be.

And Miss Margery was five foot one.

"She is clever," interposed Fan; "and that's a pity. We are rather sorry she's quite so perfect—Aunt Anne will grieve more than ever over our small abilities. She is as clever as you, Barry says."

"And I believe he thinks her cleverer," whispered Loo confidentially.

"That is impossible," said Miss Margery, in a sad, rather weary tone.

All her cheery, buoyant spirits were gone. She sat down in the rocking-chair when they had sat, and leaned back against its soft faded cushions, and tried to join in the conversation of the girls—to answer in her usual tone, and to smile at the right time—and failed. Things that had always been easy were suddenly impossible. To smile, to speak lightly, was beyond her power. She answered at random when the girls spoke to her; and presently they decided that Miss Margery was tired. Barry's affairs did not appear to interest her; perhaps she was a little dull and sleepy after her working-party. They ceased to address their remarks to her, and drew her fire again, and began to discuss eagerly with one another many matters of deep interest—where Barry would live, what Aunt Anne would say, how other Barry would feel, what they would do with him, whether their bridesmaids' dresses should be silk or cashmere. Miss Margery sat very still in her rocking-chair, and listened the young voices seemed to come from quite a long way off. She scarcely heeded their words, and yet the next day all their chatter came back to her, and she remembered clearly every trifling remark that they had made.

"It was sweet of Barry to tell us," said Fan, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Very sweet!" sighed Loo. "I wish we hadn't to keep it secret. I should like to startle aunt Anne with the news." said Loo. "Miss Margery. Is there no one else we can tell!"

Miss Margery looked down at the girls with a smile that was a very poor one considering the great effort it cost.

"A secret! Was it a secret?" she said. "Your ways of keeping secrets are a little strange."

"But this," explained Jess, "was only partly a secret. We need not bother about keeping it, Barry said; only—only we were not to mention it to Aunt Anne, and not to mention it to any one out of the house."

"But that," said Fan reflectively, "leaves only Miss Margery to tell."

Nothing happened during the next few days. No visitors came to the school-room, Aunt Anne had no new dress for her nieces and their governess, there were no more working parties requiring Miss Margery's assistance in the stitching of seams and the hemming of hankies.

The uneventful days left Nessa Margery strangely pale and weary. She was cheerful to everyone at all times; she was cheerful now and then, and smiled when she should have sighed.

Barry's regiment was stationed at Detmouth, some dozen or ten miles away, and he rode over frequently. Twice he had ridden back deputedly; Aunt Anne had been at home, and her conversation, though proficient, had not been stimulating. The third visit was timed with more foresight; Aunt Anne had driven to town with her two youngest nieces, and Barry went up at once to the schoolroom where Nessa Margery and his sister Jess were sitting alone together.

Jess was painting, scattering very black birds over a very blue sky; Nessa was sitting near the window. It was towards the window that Barry looked as he entered the room, the gray eyes smiled happily. Nessa looked up quickly, and her face flushed and grew pale again. In the past few days she had repeated to herself that she never admitted to herself before—that she loved Barry, and that she had fancied—been sure indeed—that her love was reciprocated. She had been trying vainly to laugh at her mistake, to put it away from her thoughts as a matter of little consequence. She had failed—she knew now that she had failed. Her heart beat joyfully at the mere sound of Barry's footstep and voice; and the next moment, at the sudden thought of the beautiful golden-haired girl whom Barry loved, the whole world seemed joyless.

Barry smiled down at her as he took her hand, and she looked up at him quietly, and smiled back; but her glance perplexed and troubled him. The look of gladness he had been used to see in her eyes was gone; her voice, when she spoke to him, had lost its old note of pleasure; her smile was more courteous than natural. She remembered, as she glanced up at him, he must have guessed—he must know his secret—that he must have intended the girls to tell her. She thought she knew his motive. He had guessed that she cared for him, and he had done what was best, what was kindest. But the humiliation of his kindness crushed her. There was one thing he could do—she must prove to him, so clearly that he should never doubt again, that he had been mistaken in his supposition—that she was happy, unmoved, indifferent.

"You're busy," said Barry half apologetically. "I—I'm interrupting you, I expect. Is it the great novel, Miss Margery?"

"We told him about it," Jess hastened to explain.

"How is the hero, Miss Margery!" inquired Barry, with laughing eyes. "Does the heroine still prove relentless?"

"Oh, that part is past!" said Jess. "The hero is now married to the plain girl—the plain girl who was in love with him. I don't think much of that hero. Barry Jess, though—don't you, Barry? When Barry's real heroine refuses him, he is going to marry some plain girl who loves him—aren't you, Barry? You said so, Barry—Barry, you did say so!"

Barry, guilty, or not guilty, was undoubtedly self-conscious and covered with confusion. Miss Margery, gathering together her needlework materials, smiled in a mirthless way, as though the discussion failed to interest her. Her presence embarrassed Barry; she looked at him absently at the gray sky and the bare trees, and wondered what excuse she could make to leave him alone with Jess.

For the next ten minutes Jess chattered without interruption. Miss Margery was quiet; Barry was observing her gravely and anxiously. At last Jess paused, and Barry looked round, and wished she would talk again.

Barry, in some subtle way, understood that his call was a mistake that afternoon.

"You were busy, both of you," he said apologetically again. "Am I wasting your time? Tell me if I am, you know."

"No," said Miss Margery. "Jess's work is unimportant; and I was going away. I think—it is so fine—there are things that I need in the village."

She was conscious that she had stumbled over her excuse; she was conscious of Barry's face flushed suddenly, and that he looked at her sadly as she went away. Her eyes were glistening with tears and a little sob broke from her as she reached her room and closed the door. She took her hat, and stood before the dressing-table for a minute as she put it on. The sight of her own vristful face, flushed, sad, and tear-stained, reminded her by force of contrast of the beautiful face whose features were unknown to her—the face of the lovely girl whom Barry loved. That girl would never need to weep—she would be so happy in Barry's love!

It was cold out of doors, and the lonely walk against a keen east wind seemed very long. Nessa would not return until it was likely that Barry would be gone. The winter afternoon was over when she came back to the school-room; the gas was lighted, the curtains were drawn, and Jess was alone.

"Barry stayed such a short time!" said Jess, pathetically. "You didn't meet him, Miss Margery!"

"No—I have come from the village," replied Nessa; "he would not return that way."

"But he did to-day," rejoined Jess. "I suppose he wanted a longer ride. Miss Margery, I think Barry is bothered."

"Bothered!" echoed Nessa, looking questioningly and pitifully at Jess.

"Yes, dreadfully bothered; he hadn't a word to say to-day—not a word. I couldn't ask him a single question about himself he looked so gloomy and miserable. I believe she has refused him, Miss Margery—in fact, I am sure she has. I asked him if he would be married soon, and if we might tell Aunt Anne, and he said that it was all hopeless, that most likely he would never be married—never!"

The days wore slowly away. Nessa looked paler; and her efforts to be always gay and alert sometimes failed. Twice or thrice Barry rode over from Detmouth, and each time he arrived with a graver, less hopeful air, and departed more gloomily. Barry was unhappy—his unhappiness was obvious to the most careless observer.

It was one afternoon in January, and Nessa was at home alone. She was sitting at the piano in the cold dreary drawing room down stairs, and looking absently before her at a song which she was not singing. The drawing room opened into a conservatory, and suddenly a quick footstep came across the conservatory stones. Nessa rose from the piano quickly, with the intention of escaping unobserved, but Barry was already in the room, coming towards her with a grave smile and holding out his hand.

"No one is at home, Captain Dennis," she explained hurriedly, as he held her hand in his.

Barry's eyes sparkled as he looked down upon her.

"You are at home," he said quietly.

"Would you like to go and meet them?" asked Nessa. "They meant to walk to Elm Tree Corner; they will be returning by now."

"I am not impatient," said Barry. "Will you let me stay here? Indeed it was not the others I came to see; I think—I think I hoped to find you alone, Miss Margery."

Nessa stood before the cheerless fire, and looked down at the rug at her feet. No suitable answer came to her; her face flushed suddenly and her hands trembled. Barry stood looking down at her, his gray eyes full of passionate love and deep tenderness. He was not hopeful of success; but he was going to take his chance. Uncertainty was worse than failure—he meant to know the worst or the best that life had in store for him.

"In fact, it was to you I wished to see," he said. "Miss Margery, will you listen to me?"

Nessa looked up quickly and tried to say that she could not listen, but found it impossible. All her charming little airs of decision and authority—her governess ways—were gone. She clasped her hands tightly before her because they trembled so foolishly; she met Barry's glance and looked down again. If she had only smiled, Barry felt that his task would have been easier; if he could only have taken her hand or looked into her eyes as he spoke, he could have spoken with more effect.

"I'm not eloquent," said poor Barry. "There's something I've been wanting to say to you, and I wish I could say it better—perhaps you know it already. I—I love you, Nessa—I want to ask you to be my wife."

There was silence for fully a minute; Nessa stood looking down still, and Barry could not see the tears in her eyes, nor how her lips quivered.

"Answer me, Nessa," he went on, with a little break in his voice. "Tell me, dear—is what I ask hopeless?"

For a moment a temptation came to the girl. Why should she not accept him? He was unhappy, and she was unhappy; might she not help him to forget his loneliness and disappointment? Would she not be happier even as his sweetheart than she could ever be alone? Why should she reject this small measure of happiness that was offered to her? Perhaps it was the moment's wavering which made her answer so resolute when that moment had passed. Her eyes were bright with indignant reproach as she looked up, her lips were no longer tremulous.

"It is quite hopeless," she said—"quite! Surely you knew—you must have known—what my answer would be! How could it be any other?"

There was silence again for a while as Nessa stopped speaking; and then there came the sound of approaching footsteps and voices.

"I've been a fool!" cried Barry hastily. "I've offended you and hurt you! Forgive me, Miss Margery!"

But, instead of Nessa's answer, there came three cheery exclamations of surprise and delight. The girls tripped into the room; and Barry, too low-spirited to resist, found himself meekly obeying three imperious commands, and seating himself by the fire to converse with his sisters and wait for aunt Anne and tea.

Jess sat down on the floor before the fire and wielded the poker with energy and good effect. Loo and Fan stood regarding Barry by the light of the newly-awakened flame, and deciding that his spirits were as low as on the occasion of his last visit. Suddenly they heard the sound of the door being shut quietly.

"Oh, Miss Margery is gone!" said Jess. "Miss Margery always goes when you come now. Barry, dear, I have fancied lately that you and Miss Margery dislike each other."

Barry laughed somewhat mirthlessly.

"There's something the matter with Miss Margery," declared Fan, in her clear decided young voice. "She's like Barry—she's in and out of sorts. I believe she cries when she goes to bed."

"I believe she lies awake for hours," said Loo.

"Why don't you cheer her up then?" asked Barry wrathfully. "She wants change of air—she wants more cheerful society. What's the good of aunt Anne—what's the good of you girls—if you can't make Miss Margery happy!"

The girls looked at him wonderingly; Barry was out of temper—not like himself to-night.

"I expect she's lonely," said Fan, in a meditative tone, after a few moments' pause. "She has no home of her own, you see. Things must be a little dull for her. I should hate to be Miss Margery! Twenty-two, with no sisters, and not even very pretty!"

"Not very pretty!" exclaimed Barry. "Miss Margery is the prettiest girl I know! The prettiest—a thousand times the prettiest!"

"But, Barry," expostulated Jess, "her hair is red!"

"Her hair is golden," said Barry calmly.

"Only in moonlights," demurred Fan.

"In all lights!" declared Barry, in a tone of conviction. "And, if it is ever red, then all hair should be red—that's clear."

"And should all eyes be gray?" inquired Fanny, naively.

"Miss Margery's eyes are blue," said Barry.

"Blue!" cried the three girls. "Blue, Barry!"

"Look at them again," rejoined Barry quietly. "They're the prettiest eyes in the world—not like china saucers, but a soft blue, a beautiful blue, the only blue in the world worth looking at."

The girls were gazing curiously at their brother; some idea of their mistake and Miss Margery's was dawning upon them.

"Perhaps you call Miss Margery tall too?" said Jess laughingly.

"She is tall enough," replied Barry. "She is as tall as a woman should be. I hate a girl to be as tall as a man—as tall as a lamp-post!"

"Barry!" cried Jess suddenly. "Oh, here's aunt Anne coming! Why has she come just now! Is it Miss Margery you are in love with?"

"Who else should it be?" replied Barry.

"And we told her," said Jess, "that you were in love with some one tall and stately and beautiful! She thinks she is plain, Barry. She thinks it is someone else that you are in love with. We said the other girl—the beautiful girl that doesn't exist—must have refused you, because you have been—gloomy, Barry dear—oh, here's aunt Anne—bother aunt Anne! —Barry, we're awfully sorry we've made mischief."

"Let's go and undo it," suggested Fan.

"Let's go and find Miss Margery," said Loo.

"Stop, girls," cried Barry—"I'll go!"—and he went.

A Boundary Question.

Lawyer—Then your troublesome neighbor has put up a fence two feet after all, and his fowls no longer come to scratch up your garden? But, however did you manage it without going to law?

Smith—Finding that he turned a deaf ear to all my complaints about his hens, I changed my tactics and began to send him a dozen eggs every two or three days, saying that his hens had laid them. After a while I dropped it off, and he immediately put up his new fence. The thing was done in less than a fortnight.

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Caught in a Storm.

"We might just as well have been standing behind the counter in New York all these ten days," sighed Barbara Hale, "for all the out-of-the-way adventures we've had!"

"Who wants out-of-the-way adventures?" said Dorcas Dunn, scornfully.

"Behind the counter, indeed!" chimed in Mary Vanecker. "Can you breathe in clover-scented air like this behind the counter? Can you get the mountain view from Sixth Avenue? What more would the girl want, I should like to know?"

Barbara sighed once more, and shook her head.

"It is all so tame," she said. "It isn't what I expected at all."

The three girls—Barbara, Dorcas and Mary—were sitting on a side hill under the shade of a grand old cedar tree.

Barbara, who had once taken a quarter's lessons in drawing, had a sketch-board in her lap, and was trying, with but little success, it must be owned, to reproduce the lovely ribbon-like curves of the river that wound its way through the valley below.

Mary had her needlework in her lap, and Dorcas, with her hands clasped under her head, had long given up all attempt to read the paper-covered novel that she had brought with her.

"The sky and the sunshine are so much better," she said.

They were three shop girls—bright, ambitious, spirited young things, full of life and aspirations, even though they were kept down by the force of circumstances; and they clubbed together their slender resources in order to enjoy their vacation to better advantage.

Dorcas, the business member of the firm, had bought an excursion ticket first, and traveled out to Schepp's valley to see what could be done. But it is needless to say that the hotel and boarding house prices were far beyond their simple means.

"Is there no place," said she, "where we could obtain one room and the very simplest fare for less money?"

"You might try old man Morris," said the portly dame who kept the Valley House. "It's a quiet place, and Mrs. Morris she ain't no great of a cook, but there's them as has boarded there, I'm told."

"Where is it?" eagerly asked Dorcas.

The landlady went to the door to point out a slender blue thread of smoke that was curling up heavenward from a mass of woods on a distant hill, and once more Dorcas set forth on her pilgrimage, this time with undoubted success.

She engaged one room. The board, to be sure, was plain, the bed, a coarse husk mattress, with a blanket spread on the floor for Dorcas herself, the furniture, home-made and unpainted. But there was a grove of pine woods in the rear; the blackbirds piped their silver flutes all day long, and the bees darted in and out of the red lillies by the garden wall, and our three heroines believed themselves to be in paradise.

But even as Barbara thus bewailed herself, a portentous shadow swept across the sun, and looking around they saw that a mass of livid purple thunder clouds had piled themselves up along the western sky, while distant mutterings, and now and then a sudden flash, announced the coming of a storm.

Dorcas sprang to her feet, Barbara began to fold up her sketching apparatus, Mary put her thimble and scissors in her pocket.

"We must get home as quickly as possible!" cried all three.

But in availing themselves of a short cut across a patch of woods they got hopelessly lost. The sun set behind the purple battlement of clouds, the dusk fell quickly in these dense woods, and the rain began to patter down in huge drops.

Barbara, the aspirant after adventure, began to cry.

"We are lost!" she said.

"Lost! Nonsense!" exclaimed brave Dorcas. "When I can see the railway track shining down below. Who ever got lost close to a railway line? Let's make for the track."

"And perhaps get run over!" lamented poor Barbara.

"Not likely, when there's one train a day, and that at noon," laughed Dorcas. "If we walk along the track we must come out somewhere, don't you see?"

"And beside," added Mary, "there's a little ruined cabin not far from here where the railroad flagman used to live before they changed the location of the station. I remember Mrs. Morris showing it to me once."

"Oh! oh!" shrieked Barbara. "I could not go there. The flagman was killed on the track. Oh, there's a ghost there!"

"Would you rather stay here and be drenched through and through with the rain?" severely demanded Mary.

"Or perhaps struck with lightning!" added Dorcas.

And the upshot of it was that the three fugitives took refuge in a miserable old shanty close by the railroad track, where weeds were growing up in the cracks of the floor, and a plentiful portion of the rain came pattering through the leaks in the roof, while the old stone chimney, all settling to one side, looked as if no stroke of lightning could harm it very much.

"But it's some shelter," said Mary, cheerfully. "We'll stay here until the shower is over, and then make the best of our way home."

The shower, however, showed no indication of abating. The rain still poured down in sheets; the thunder still bellowed through the rocky gorge where the cabin had been built; the lightning still lit up everything with sudden spurts of blue flames, like pantomime effects.

"Oh, dear! It must be midnight," cried Barbara, wringing her hands.

"Nonsense! It can't be nine o'clock yet," said Mary.

"And I'm so hungry! How I wish I hadn't eaten the last of those sandwiches! Oh! oh! what is that?" fluttered Barbara.

An unusually vivid flash of lightning had revealed something white and spectral at the window. All three of the girls jumped to their feet at once.

"The ghost!" shrieked Barbara, stopping her ears and shutting her eyes as tight as was practicable.

"A stray white cow," suggested Mary.

"A young man in a flannel tennis suit," said Dorcas.

"Don't let him come in! We shall be robbed and murdered!" cried Barbara.

"Not while we are three to one," said composed Dorcas.

And at the same moment a voice sounded hurriedly at the door.

"Please, may I come in? I know it seems intrusive, but it's raining a perfect deluge and I'm wet through."

"Come in by all means," said Mary.

The ghost entered, dripping like a fountain.

"All in the dark?" said he, groping his way.

"There are no gas jets here," said Dorcas, ironically.

"But we might have a little blaze of sticks," hazarded the new arrival, shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog. "I saw by that last glare of lightning that there was a heap in the corner, and I've got my match box intact."

"Oh, that would be splendid!" cried Dorcas, who was wet and shivering.

"And I've got some fish on a string outside, and we could have some supper, suggested the ghost, cheerfully.

"I'm so o-o hungry!" wailed Barbara.

The stranger was evidently used to mountain camping. He had a fire kindled in no time, and the fish, cleaned by aid of his pocket knife and washed in one of the pools outside, were presently broiling over the coals, emitting a most savory smell.

"You must be a good genius!" cried Mary.

"I'm only a tramp," said the ghost, "and I'm ever so much obliged to you young ladies for letting me in."

"We couldn't have kept you out if we had tried," said Dorcas, frankly.

"You don't think I would have thrust myself in here against your wishes? Even a tramp wouldn't do that," said the young man.

The sticks had blazed cheerfully up: the ghost economized them to keep the flames alive as long as possible. He told thrilling tales of his experience in these woods; he made himself a most agreeable companion.

"Are you from the Valley house?" inquired Dorcas.

"No; I am camping just where it happens."

"Oh!" said Mary. "Then you are poor like us? We are shop girls on our vacation."

"I am determined he shall not take us for other than we are," she said to herself.

"And," observed the ghost, "I should think you were having a very jolly time of it. A little more trout, Miss—Hale? And how did you come out in these wilderness?"

So then, of course, little Barbara, who was generally the spokeswoman of the assemblage, related all her efforts to secure summer board.

"You see," said she, "Mr. Archer pays us so small a salary that we have not much margin for luxury."

"He ought to pay you more," said the ghost. "I am in business myself. I know how it is. People can't be expected to live on nothing."

"I do believe," cried Dorcas, "you are the tailor's young man from Cutt & Fitt's, next door to Archer's! I thought I had seen your face before. But if you ever get to the head of the firm—and a man can achieve almost anything he pleases—do pay your employes a decent sum!"

"I will," said the young man in the white flannel tennis suit.

He spoke as if he meant it. And then Dorcas discoursed still more learnedly about the rights and wrongs, the injustice and petty trials of life behind the counter.

"We are ladies, you see," said she, "and we expect to be treated like ladies. But I suppose you have your troubles too."

"Lots of 'em," said the young man, gazing absently into the fire. "Every one has, I suppose."

So they all became great friends. At midnight the rain ceased, and the moon burst forth in a flood of glory on the dripping scene.

"We can go home now," said Dorcas, clapping her hands. "And I dare say, young man," with a pretty air of patronage, "Mr. Morris could make you up a bed on the kitchen floor at our house without charging very much for it."

"I should be delighted if he could," said the young man, meekly.

And so it was arranged.

The girls made an extra toilet next morning to meet "the ghost," as they called him, at the breakfast table. But to their infinite disgust he was gone when they descended.

"Ye see," said old man Morris, "that there white flanning suit o' his'n had shrunk up with the wet so it wasn't fairly presentable, and he just cut across lots before daybreak and cleared out."

"I told you so," said Barbara. "He was a ghost, and being such he dissolved into thin air at cock-crow!"

"And I had put on my blue cambric gown," sighed Mary.

"And my hair was crimped so nicely," said Dorcas sadly.

"But he gave me this," said old Morris, displaying upon the horny palm of his hand a gold half eagle.

"Rather extravagant for a tailor's clerk," said Mary.

"That is just the class of people who don't know how to spend their money," said Dorcas, loftily.

"I thought he was very nice, and that perhaps he was going to be the beginning of a real adventure," said Barbara.

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Compassion.

Mrs. Frelinghuysen—Bress mah heart! 'f I'd knowed d' pore thing would squeal so, I would n' a bled him.—*Puck.*

September set in, sultry as the tropics this year, and the three girls returned to Archer's great store with unwilling feet. But the cashier met them with a smiling face.

"I've received instructions," said he, "to raise the salaries of all the girls in this department ten per cent. Young Mr. Archer himself told me to do so."

"Young Mr. Archer!"

"There he is, now," said the cashier.

And the next minute the hero of the rainy night had come up and was cordially shaking hands with them.

"Then you are not the tailor's young man, after all?" said Mary, a little taken aback.

"Did I say I was!" said Archibald Archer.

At the end of the autumn Barbara Hale made a confession.

"Girls," said she, "when I thought that young Mr. Archer was going to be the beginning of an adventure I was right. He has asked me to marry him, and when we go on our vacation next year we shall all go together."

And Mary and Dorcas kissed Barbara, and congratulated her from the bottom of their hearts.

"This is an adventure worth having," said the girls.

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There are indications that the "Box" overcoat will be more worn than usual, during the coming season. Taylor & Co., Art Tailors, 89 Yonge street.

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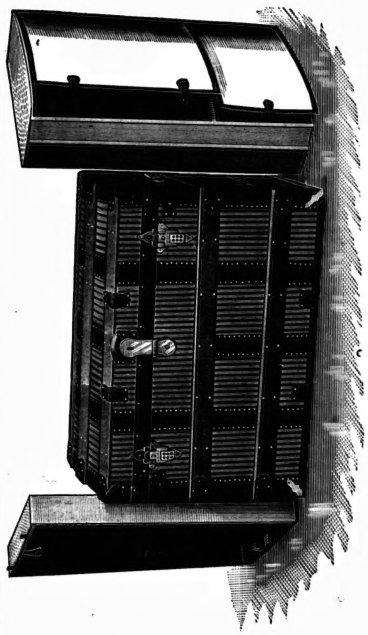

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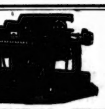

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Our Holiday Number.

This week SATURDAY NIGHT celebrates its third birthday and it takes advantage of the occasion to thank its many patrons and hosts of friends for the generous patronage they have accorded it since its commencement. SATURDAY NIGHT may be excused for the modest boast it makes in saying that though at its inception it was looked at askance by many, it has outgrown all suspicion and shown itself to be in all its departments a clean and well conducted paper. It is now a welcome weekly visitor in ten thousand Canadian homes, and also in the homes of many Canadians in foreign countries.

To signalize its birthday SATURDAY NIGHT will issue on the first of December one of the most beautiful and artistic holiday numbers ever published in Canada. Its publishers have not tried to follow in the beaten track of Christmas publications, but have gotten up a paper on purely unconventional lines, which will be found to be a characteristic Canadian publication. In its artistic features it has aimed at merit rather than showiness, and in this respect it will be found to have come nearer to Canadian life than any publication ever issued in this country. The best illustrators in Canada will be found represented in its pages and the beautiful engravings from their drawings and paintings would be creditable to the most pretentious pictorial publications of the Old World. The literary part of the paper has been carefully selected and a sufficient guarantee of its excellence is that most of it is the work of writers whose names are household words in the Dominion. SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS will be found well worth the price, thirty cents, and no more suitable souvenir of the holiday season could be obtained to send to friends than this number.

Famous Autograph Letters.

In a recent number of an English paper is published some curious facts about the autograph letters of famous men and women. From all quarters have they drifted into the vortex of the autograph dealer's establishment and many of them are a sad commentary on the lives of those whose names will forever echo down the corridors. The highest priced letter mentioned is one written by Shelley to Leigh Hunt, for which £52 10s. is asked. Following Shelley closely come two of his tuneful and equally unfortunate brethren, Keats and Burns. A letter of the former and the latter's original copy of the poem beginning:

"Their graves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon
Their bel,nt beaming summers exalt the perfume,"

are valued at £42. Two of Burns' Clarinda letters are marked £35. Louis the Fourteenth and the Earl of Strafford bring £25, while Byron, Gray and Samuel Johnson stand at £18 18s. Next come Addison, Sir T. Browne and Washington at £15 15s. Letters of Mrs. Carlyle are valued higher than those of her husband, while Gladstone, though still living, is marked 9s. ahead of Goethe. On a letter written by Walter Savage Landor to Lady Lytton she had endorsed "Old Landor's Twaddle." A letter of Tennyson's indicates the trouble authors are subjected to by the irrepressible autograph hunters as well as the Laureate's method of treating them. He says: "I have many thousands of these applications and rather make a point of neglecting them; for why should I flatter the madness of the people? Nevertheless, as the request comes from an old friend, behold an autograph." It seems curious that when this traffic is sufficiently large to support an extensive establishment that prices of many of these letters should be so low. It might be thought that "the madness of the people" would give more than three dollars for the autograph letter of the famous author of Ye Mariners of England.

Learn the Business.

There are few subjects of more interest to most people at some stage of life than how they may succeed in "getting into print." The glory which is popularly supposed to crown the successful author like an aureola, is almost certain to be at some period or other the lodestar of ambition. The consequence is well known to editors. Manuscript after manuscript is sent them, nine-tenths of which show marks of the unskilful hand. They are rejected and then the tragedy begins. Perhaps one-half of those who send their effusions to the magazines and papers do not think of making literature the serious business of their lives, and of those who do intend to follow the literary life, not one-half seem to have ever considered that it is necessary to go systematically to work to study it as a profession. They, who would not dream of entering any other profession without years of study and training, would scale the fortifications of literature without the slightest knowledge of its first principles. They gain necessary experience only by repeated rebuffs, if they have the perseverance necessary to outlive them. When the hand writeth out of the fulness of the heart this course of training may, to a large extent, be dispensed with, but the majority of successful writers owe their success as much to the form in which they express their ideas as they do to their plenitude. But it may be asked how is a person to learn the conditions of success except by the discouraging method usually pursued. An eminent and clever writer once said that he prepared himself for a literary career by making a close and elaborate study of the current literature of his time. He took stories and magazine articles and dissected them into so much dialogue, so much descriptive and so much reflective writing. He noted the character of the matter which was required, and among other things told all young writers that an article which was always saleable, if well written, was that which told one-half of the world how the other half lived. If would-be writers oftener pursued this preparatory course it would be beneficial to themselves, and be a source of satisfaction both to them and the editors to whom their work is submitted.

MUSIC

On Tuesday evening a small audience attended the concert given in the Academy of Music by Mons. Henri Du Besse, a gentleman who has played as solo violinist in New York, Paris, San Francisco and others of the musical centers of the world. Mons. De Besse may be best described as an innovator in most of the details which go to make up the violin virtuoso. No doubt the readings he vouchsafed to his audience were inspired by strong individualism, as they contradicted, in many respects, the accepted renderings. A plentiful use of the *tempo rubato*, which was not always dictated by feeling, a tendency to minimize the clearness of passages which, though difficult, have always been faithfully delivered by other virtuosi, and a liberal cutting of passages in at least one of his numbers, bore strong testimony to his originality. His position in his first number with his back almost to the audience while he played from his notes was a drawback to the esthetic effect of his appearance. The small sweetness of his tone was another trait of his pervading individuality. He played the Suite of Ries, the Ernst fantasia on Faust, a Romanza by Beethoven and a gavotte by Martini.

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Mons. De Besse's support acquitted itself most creditably. It was headed by Mr. Harry M. Field, whose really fine piano playing should bring him much more often before concert audiences than has hitherto been the case. Mr. Field played an Etude by Chopin, and Raff's La Fileuse for his first group on the programme. He showed himself an ardent Chopinist, if the term may be allowed, and revealed a dainty and poetic conception of the Etude. The Raff number was played with special clearness and finish, as well as most artistic phrasing. His rendering of the Liszt Second Hungarian Rhapsodie was full of power and fire, but its effect might have been increased by a little more speed in the fast passages. Miss Alice M. Waltz made her first concert appearance most successfully. She has a fine stage presence which goes far to assist her in the effect she produces by her good singing. Her voice is a powerful dramatic soprano of great range, covering nearly three octaves, and displaying on this occasion a D flat in alt. It is of rich, sympathetic quality, and very well balanced in its registers, and she sings with great expression and feeling. Her best effects were produced in Luzzi's well-known Ave Maria and Haydn's little classic, My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair, and in the duet with Mr. Schuch, I Feel Thy Angel Spirit, which was rendered with dash and spirit. Miss Waltz was well received by the audience, and may well be pleased with her first great effort in Toronto. Miss Langstaff gave a well-conceived rendering of the aria, Ernani Involami, and shows great improvement in both style and method. Her encore piece, Pierrot, was very pathetically sung. Mr. E. W. Schuch's rendering of the Infelice aria from Ernani was well received and as an encore he sang Every Bullet has its Billet. The accompaniments were very judiciously played by Messrs. D'Melli and Fairclough.

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The many admirers of Miss Annie Howden will be pleased to hear that a prolonged trip through the Western States has completely restored her health and her voice, and that she may soon again be heard in concerts.

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The date for the Toronto Vocal Society's forthcoming concert has been fixed for Thursday, January 16, the change from the conventional Tuesday having been made to afford the members of other societies an opportunity to hear the fine work done by the T. V. S. The conductor, Mr. Haslam, has taken even more than his usual pains with the selections to be offered, chief among which will be Mendelssohn's beautiful motett, Hear My Prayer, in which the solo will be taken by Miss Hortense Pierse, already favorably known by her singing at the Philharmonic Society's performance of Samson last season.

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Among the pieces to be played by Torrington's Orchestra at its first concert, will be the Poet and Peasant overture, the Egmont overture, and the Pilgrim's Chorus from Tannhæuser. Specially attractive soloists are spoken of for this concert.

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The *ensemble* class at the College of Music has already this season given proof of Mr. Torrington's wisdom in establishing it, and bringing Herr Mahr, the cellist, here to make up the necessary *ensemble*. At the recent pupils' concerts, a number of beautiful trios and chamber compositions by Gade, Jadassohn, Greig and others have been played, and many others are under study. At the last quarterly examinations of the harmony pupils of Mr. Forsyth and Mr. Vogt, the average was particularly high, in no case being less than sixty-five points out of a possible one hundred, on a difficult paper.

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Our friends in the Maritime Provinces are not idle in musical endeavor. On November 12 the St. John Oratorio Society, under Messrs. Morley and Briston, gave an excellent performance of Handel's Samson, with a chorus of about seventy voices, and with orchestral and organ accompaniment. Besides local solo talent, the society had the assistance of Mrs. Humphrey Allen and Mr. George J. Parker of Boston.

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Mrs. Agnes Thomson is progressing famously in her studies in Boston, and has been invited to give a song recital at the New England Conservatory of Music, and has also been offered several concert engagements in Boston and New York. She writes that she has heard Otto Hegner, the boy prodigy, and is delighted with him. He has a wonderful richness and power of tone, and a marvelous technique, rivaling in every respect the work done by Moriz Rosenthal. She also attended one of the concerts given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under its new conductor, Herr Nikisch, which she describes as the most perfect orchestral music she has heard.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Fanny Davenport closed her short engagement at the Grand last Saturday evening to a crowded house. La Tosca, though it no longer bears the unsavory reputation of real wickedness which preceded its first production here, has still horrors enough left for those who are fond of gore, and plenty of it, in their plays. And when these horrors are rendered tolerable by excellent scenery, the artistic villainy of Mr. McDowell as Le Baron Scarpia and the gorgeous costumes and minutely finished rendition of Davenport's Floria Tosca, this play fails not to produce a good impression. But it requires all these factors to carry off such a play successfully, for, however it may please the volatile Frenchman, however perfect a dramatic creation it may be, its sentiment, its realism and its succession of tragedies are antagonistic to the artistic sense of the people of this country. If they want a realistic chapter from life they desire that some brightness may relieve the gloom; if they want tragedy they desire it to be a sacrifice to the higher virtues, rather than the fatal finis of an unchecked career of villainy and the indulgence of the baser passions. There are indications that the morbid realism of the Sardous and Zolas is outside of France at least, falling into disfavor, and that art has other and higher motives than to photograph the moral sores of society. It will be seen whether the milder airs of the English and American drama will be found more satisfying to our tastes than these sirocco blasts from the dramatists of France.

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It is with more than pleasure that I turn from the burning sands of La Tosca to the sylvan shadows and the dewy verdure of Ingomar and As You Like It. In the former play Miss Julia Marlowe opened at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening. When this young artist dropped upon our stage last year, comparatively unknown, and surprised and delighted all who had the privilege of hearing her, by the exquisite delicacy and fidelity of her "tender strokes of art," I took occasion in these columns to echo the prevalent opinion that Miss Marlowe's morning gave promise of a glorious day. Her triumphs of the present season and an attentive study of her performances here this week but strengthen the former impression. The "witching cup of flattery" is in her hand, however, and at an age when few would be able to resist its enticing influence. It remains to be seen whether she will be strong amid many difficulties. But one cannot help wishing as he sees this timid and shrinking girl courtesying demurely to the plaudits of enthusiastic audiences, as the curtain rises on a recall, that she may be firm for the right, and ripen to a noble womanhood to be an honor to the profession she now adorns.

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Miss Marlowe's Rosalind in As You Like It is her most charming character. In this connection I am tempted to quote from Taine's History of English Literature. Of this play he says: "As You Like It is a caprice. Action there is none; interest barely; likelihood still less. And the whole is charming. Two cousins, princes' daughters, come to a forest with a court clown, Celia disguised as a shepherdess, Rosalind as a boy. They find here the old duke, Rosalind's father, who, driven out of his duchy, lives with his friends like a philosopher and a hunter. They and amorous shepherds who, with songs and prayers, pursue intractable shepherdesses. They discover, or meet with lovers, who become their husbands. Suddenly it is announced that the wicked duke Frederick, who had usurped the crown, has just retired to a cloister, and restored the throne to the old, exiled duke. Every one gets married, every one dances, everything ends with a rustic revelry. Where is the pleasantness of these puerilities? First, the fact of its being puerile; then absence of the serious is refreshing. There are no events and there is no plot. We gently follow the easy current of graceful or melancholy emotions which takes us away and moves us about without wearying. The place adds to the illusion and charm. It is an autumn forest, in which the sultry rays permeate the blushing oak leaves, or the half-strip ashes tremble and smile to the feeble breath of evening. The lovers wander by brooks that 'brawl' under antique roots. As you listen to them, you see the slim birches, whose cloak of lace grows glossy under the slant rays of the sun that gilds them, and the thoughts wander down the mossy vistas in which their footsteps are not heard. . . . . Antitheses without end, words all a jumble, quibbles, pretty exaggerations, word racket: as you listen, you fancy it is the warbling of a nightingale. The trill of repeated metaphors, the melodious roll of the poetical gamut, the summer-warbling rustling under the foliage, change the piece into a veritable opera."

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Into all this sylvan merriment Miss Marlowe enters as naturally as a wild flower. Her personality as well as her acting tends to make her an ideal Rosalind. Her performances this year, though they have not lost the natural, artless grace which is one of their chiefest charms show the effect of study in the better rounded rendering of certain passages which formerly showed the crudeness of youth and inexperience. No more need be said of her reception here than that she was recalled at the end of every act, and occasionally as many as three times. Few stars are made so welcome. Miss Marlowe's support would make a strong company in itself. Mr. Plympton, though hardly an ideal Orlando in appearance, gave an excellent rendering of the character and was particularly strong as Ingomar. Messrs. Milnes Levick, W. H. Crompton, C. Leslie Adams and Miss Mary Shaw, who take the leading parts, all did clever work.

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On Monday night next the J. C. Duff Comic Opera Company, an organization numbering sixty people with a chorus of fifty, will present, for the first time in Toronto, the new and successful comic opera in two acts, entitled Paola, or The Last of the First Vendetta. Paola is from the same pen as Erminie, and is described as a satire of Corsica in song. Louisa Beaudet, the leading lady, is described by the *N. Y. Sun* as a pretty little woman with a sunny face, roguish eyes, and the cutest of cute ways; with slender waist, supple form and nimble feet; with a musical voice, and an odd manner of saying caressing words and is as fair and as frisky as any figure of this day in light opera.

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At the Toronto Opera House the Wages of Sin has been playing all week to fair business. This melo-drama is a popular one in Toronto. It is full of thrill and incident; the dialogue is crisp and the situations dramatic in the extreme. The sad story, which forms the motive for the play, is in itself of intense interest and has nightly awakened the sympathy of hundreds of people for the misfortunes and sufferings of Ruth Hope. The company which is presenting it here this week is not up to the mark. Miss Rose Osborne, who plays Ruth, is stagey in her action, and in the stronger passages fails to rise to the occasion. The rest of the company leave much to be desired. Next week Mr. N. S. Wood, a promising and spirited young actor, will appear at this house in a new play, Out in the Streets.

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The well-known English actress, Miss Helen Barry, opened a three nights engagement at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, closing to-night (Saturday.)

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I had a pleasant interview with Bill Nye and James Whitcombe Riley last week and found them as entertaining in private as they are in public. They told me stories of the road and of their adventures with audiences which were exceedingly funny. In his room with his coat off and his pipe in his mouth Bill Nye is one of the most unpretentious men I ever met. He is a large well built man, bald, fresh, with a clean-shaven face and a pair of bright blue eyes in which Yankee wit and shrewdness are equally blended. Riley is a much younger man, of a nervous disposition, large eyes and strong perceptives, and I doubt if any other poet has come nearer home to the American heart in the few numbers he has written. Every word and thought is homely, but they never fail to express an idea or to excite an emotion. He is not at all a prolific writer, and though he gets high prices from the magazines and newspapers, I imagine that from that source alone he would make but a poor income. Bill Nye on the other hand can write by the yard, and during the day, the evening of which he lectured here, he told me he wrote about a couple of thousand words of his weekly letter to the New York *World*. For this letter, with which the people of Toronto are familiar, it being the habit of the evening newspapers to reproduce it weekly, it is said he receives five thousand dollars a year, and I imagine that his annual profits from his lecturing tour and writings must net him twelve thousand dollars per annum. They told me that some of the funniest episodes in their lecturing tour were with the chairmen who were called upon to preside over the entertainment, fully fifty per cent. of them insisting on making an opening speech lasting fifteen or twenty minutes. They were lecturing one night in a college town and the president of the Sophomore class was to be chairman. They had to catch a train and intimated to him that the time being short they would consider it a favor if his remarks were made as brief as possible. The young man became wildly excited at once, and explained that his best girl was in the audience and that he had recited his speech to her, and if he didn't get it off on the platform she would think that he had been scared and had forgotten it. Under those circumstances they submitted, and it lasted just seventeen minutes. Nye confessed that he did not entirely like the lecturing business, and was looking forward to the time when he would not have to follow it. "Why," says he, "Riley and myself have spent as many as nine consecutive nights in a sleeping car, taking chances of cold and all that sort of thing, and then you see I am away from my family so much. Why, three weeks ago I had to pass through New York in such a hurry that I hadn't time to go to my home in Brooklyn. The nurse brought my little boy over to the hotel where I was stopping. The little fellow looked up at me and said, 'Say, papa, why don't you come over and live where we do?'" The Pavilion is no place for anyone to speak who hasn't leather lungs. The acoustics of the building are so bad that half the audience heard nothing; the other half only heard a portion of it. The entertainment itself was a very good one and Bill Nye showed how clever a humorist he is by making people laugh at jokes which were by no means new and never exceedingly funny. The stories he tells in public are not in the same style as his writings, nor indeed as worthy of the man, and, taken on the whole, I think Riley has a greater facility for the audience, for his material was good, his elocution excellent, and he has the face and expression of a comedian who could win fame anywhere. The audience was large and the enterprise a profitable one to the managers of the entertainment.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. S. H. Clark, who is to give an evening of readings at Association Hall on December 6, is already too well known to concert goers to need special commendation at our hands. The programme which he will present contains much literary merit, dramatic and humorous interest, and moreover, almost all the selections are entirely new to Toronto audiences.

On Saturday evening Mr. J. A. Toole, who has retired from the local management of the Toronto Opera House, was presented with a locket and chain by the attaches of the house. Mr. Toole is succeeded by Mr. Frank of Reading, Pa.

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Rev. M. C. Lockwood of Cincinnati, Ohio, will deliver two lectures on December 4 and 5, the first in Shaftesbury and the latter in Association Hall, on the subjects of The Problem of Capital and Labor, and The Church and the Working Classes. These lectures promise to be of unusual interest.

The Reason Why.

Swift as flakes fall in orchard blow,
The darling's kisses showered and sped;
And buried i the peach and snow,
The hugs, the smiles, the mother said,
"I wonder why you love me so!"

The darling made a moment's pause,
Her sweet eyes wandering every where
As if she questioned Heaven's great laws,
And then with the contented air
Of knowing all, she said, "Because!"

—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Reminiscence.

She was gowned in white with amber beads
Wound twice around her throat—
A throat as fair as lily buds
That in some streamlet float,
Her forehead was a fluff of curls—
Such airy, childish rings.
She was an angel in my eyes,
Without the crown and wings.

Her hair was gathered on her head
In graceful Psyche knot.
She looked so sweet I really could
Have kissed her on the spot.
There was a fetching little way
About her turn of head;
Her profile and the Psyche knot
Looked Grecian born and bred.

We were alone upon the stairs;
She leaned against my arm
With witching grace, as girls can lean,
With such a subtle charm.
A fair field and a pretty girl,
And do you think I kissed her?
Well, not exactly—for, just then,
There came along her sister.

The Railway Lunch Counter Sandwich.

I dwell in haunts of hurried men
And have for many ages,
Before the railroads were, and when
The public rode in stages.

I can't remember whence I came,
And e'en the oldest liar
Cannot a date so distant name
But I can name one prior.

While time shall last I'll still be so,
Naught can destroy me, never,
For trains may come and trains may go,
But I'll stay here forever.

Oh, many scores of men I've seen
Come smilingly to greet me,
And mutter something low and mean
Because they couldn't eat me.

They tried to cut me with a dirk,
In coffee sought to drown me;
But all their schemes have failed to work,
I'm still just as they found me.

And when they're gone I'll yet be so,
They can't destroy me never.
For hungry men may come and go,
But I'll stay here forever.

Sometimes it makes me sad to see
The aged men and toothless
Put up their hard-earned cash for me,
Because I know I'm useless.

But when smart alecks happen by
It really does delight me
To do my level best and try
To have the goslings bite me.

For well I know they stand no show,
They can affect me never.
For young and old may come and go,
But I'll stay here forever.

Thus do I labor on, and so
I'll keep it up forever,
For sound teeth come and false teeth go,
But I'd stay here forever.

Changed.

We, who were lovers so warm and new
When spring's young buds were growing,
Walk to-day through the woodlands drear
With the dead leaves round us blowing.

Here is the path where my timid arm
First dared in its clasp to fold her,
And here by the clear stream's sonorous charm
Her cheek first touched my shoulder.

And yonder—what passionate dream is this—
What breath through the silence sobbing?
The pulsing thrill of an endless kiss,
Or the sound of a heart's wild throbbing?

We walk as of old, but we walk apart,
Through the well-known nooks and spaces;
We stand no more with heart pressed to heart
In the lonely beautiful places.

But I follow mutely her footstep slow
Through the cool bright autumn weather,
Because—we were married six months ago
And are used to being together.

MADELEIN S. BARNES.

The Ladies' Raid.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
With the morning clocks at ten,
She skimmed the street with footsteps fleet,
And hustled the timid men.
Tramp, tramp, tramp!
She entered the dry goods store,
And with echoing tread the dance she led
All over the crowded floor.
She charged the throng where the bargains were,
And everybody made way for her;
Wherever she saw a painted sign
She made for that spot a prompt bee line;
Whatever was old or whatever was new
She had it down and she looked it through.
Whatever it was that caught her eye,
She'd stop, and price, and pretend to buy;
But 'twas either too bad, too common or good,
So she did, and she wouldn't, and didn't and would.
And round the counters and up the stairs,
In attic and basement and everywhere;
The salesmen fainted and cash boys dropped,
But still she shopped, and shopped, and shopped;
And round, and round, and round, and round,
Like a winding toy with a key that's wound.
She'd weave and wriggle and twist about,
One way in and the other way out,
Till men grew giddy to see her go;
And by and by, when the sun was low,
Homeward she dragged her weary way,
And had sent home the spoils of the day—
A spool of silk and a hank of thread—
Eight hours—ten cents—and a dame half dead.

Noted People.

Rhoda Broughton, the English novelist, is forty-eight, and is a highly intelligent looking woman, with features rather hard and masculine.

Edgar Saltus has laid plans for a trip to Egypt. The journey is said to be undertaken for the purpose "of studying mysticism in its Eastern home."

Ouida is described as being eccentric to such a degree that she is unpleasant to talk to and not beautiful to look at. She is old and she dresses like a girl of twenty. She affects startling combinations of colors and she—smokes.

Mrs. J. C. Cochran of Shelbyville, Ill., has, it is reported, sold the right to her recently patented dish-washing machine for several thousand dollars cash and the promise of a royalty on all machines sold.

A pleasant rumor is going the rounds that Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Wanamaker will endeavor to effect a social change next winter in Washington. Conversationes, readings of popular authors and literary discussions will, it is said, largely take the place of luncheons, dinners and balls.

Will N. Harben is a name which must be added to the lengthening list of Southern writers. Mr. Harben was a wonderfully precocious infant, for his literary genius bubbled out into a temperance essay when the lad was only eight years of age. He has written for many New York magazines, and his novel White Marie will be published soon.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow, who was a schoolmate of the present Emperor of Germany, keeps up his friendship with that monarch. The other day, when the royal party went from Germany to Greece to attend the wedding of the Emperor's sister to the Duke of Sparta, Mr. Bigelow accompanied it as the special guest of his German majesty.

Miss Sarah Lazarus of New York, is said to have the finest collection of fans and miniatures in the country. She has already given a large number of both fans and miniatures to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and is constantly adding to her gift. They are given in the name of her late father, and the collection is known as the Moses Lazarus Collection.

W. W. Story, the poet sculptor, has one of the largest and most beautiful studios in Rome, where he has been established for thirty-eight years. He is a small, handsome man, with fine dark eyes and white mustache. His manners are refined and courteous, his voice rich and musical, and he converses with an easy grace that adds a charm to his language.

Of Nathaniel Hawthorne's handwriting, his son says: "He wrote so small a hand that he could put fifteen hundred words on a page of ordinary letter paper, and when he had written a word or line which displeased him, he rubbed it out with his finger and wrote over the inky space. It is just possible that what he wrote, in such cases, he might have been able afterward to decipher. For myself I can only make a guess."

In *Harper's Bazar* we read that the birthplace of Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, is a white frame house, with faded green shutters and a wide veranda, in the little city of Brantford, Ontario. It was at this house that Professor Bell perfected his invention, and there the first experiment of talking over a wire was made. The distance experimented on was two and a half miles, and it was thoroughly successful.

Madame Adelina Patti, having been annoyed at the appearance of a few silver threads among her raven locks, concluded that to dye them black would only be a confession of age, so she had all her hair colored a deep reddish brown. The effect upon a London audience, which saw her without having been made acquainted with the transformation, was startling. The change is said to be becoming; and while it is not to be recommended, it is quite common in Europe.

A very old lady lately died in London—the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort—who, years ago, was the unwitting cause of a piece of far-reaching legislation. She was the second wife of the old duke, whose childless first wife had been her sister. When her husband died, the question was raised whether her son could succeed to the title, inasmuch as the ancient ecclesiastical law then prevailing, while not making such marriages void, provided for their being set aside by spiritual courts upon appeal. After some trouble the other heirs acceded to the succession of the present duke, but, in order that such a dispute should not arise again, an act was immediately passed making marriage with a deceased wife's sister illegal.

If the art of saying the right thing to the right person at the right moment be good conversation—and it might be hard to define it better—the Prince of Wales must be put high upon the list. He would be surprised to find himself there, for nobody makes less pretence to brilliancy or learning or many other things which sometimes enhance the attractiveness of good talk, yet are not of its essence. He has knowledge in the sense that he knows more than any one else of the matters in which society is most interested, and he has that sixth sense which tells a man what to avoid, and his full share of kindly common sense and shrewd perception, which must be the basis of the best social intercourse.

Mrs. Margaret Lucas, the venerable sister of the late John Bright, had a remarkable guest recently at her London house—Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt of Boston, who rested there in the interval of her journey round the world in the cause of temperance. As the world's organizer of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. Leavitt has traveled seventy thousand miles since 1884, and addressed audiences of all colors and in all lands, without fee and without hope of any reward. Her work for 1890-91 includes visits to the west coast of Africa, Norway and Sweden, the Holy Land and Egypt.

Harriet Prescott Spofford, in the November *Chautauquan*, in a biographical sketch of the late Maria Mitchell, speaks of Miss Mitchell's kindness of heart. While abrupt and masterful in her address, and full of disdain for the pretentious and indolent, the earnest and persevering student had her most patient and gentle care and help. Once to relieve a postgraduate who was her assistant, and in whose hands, upon undertaking a journey, she left the care of the instruments, with so many injunctions and apprehensions that the young girl's heart sank under the responsibility, she returned, and opening the door again, said: "Remember if the chronometer stops and the sidereal clock stops, the universe won't stop!"

It is stated upon good authority that the daughters of the Prince of Wales, like their mother, have the cool hands that can make firm butter, which they have continually done in the Sandringham home farm, where the Princess of Wales has her pet Alderneys and all the daintiest dairy furniture her heart can desire. The walls are tiled with exquisite peacock blue Indian tiles, the churn is silver, and the milk pans are of that precious metal, lined with porcelain, while a tall milk jug, painted to match the tiling by the Marchioness of Lorne, is in constant use. Under the same roof with the dairy is a tea-room, with a cool, dull green paper on the walls and a matted floor; it is furnished with light carved oak, and all the ornaments have been put up by the "house proud" Princess herself. Here in fine weather come mother and daughters, make the butter they spread upon their bread, and have their tea often in the company of a few friends. All the princesses are very fond of animals and of flowers, and take almost as much interest in the kitchen garden at Sandringham as in the flower beds.

"Love Confess'd."

For Saturday Night.

"Good night!" she said, then quickly veiled her eyes,
Yet ere they dropped he marked with glad surprise—
They love confess'd.

"Good night!" he sighed, and stooping kissed her hand,
Sure—through the light caress—she'd understand.
And both were bless'd. C. G. R.

Church Talks.

Old St. Andrew's is the most absolutely decorous church I was ever in. Each particular cushion is at right angles. The racks are full of books put in right side up. The choir do not giggle, and the congregation, seemingly endowed with a spirit of reverence, sit straight and silent as the last comers find seats and the organ's voice announces that the time is almost seven.

It is a pretty organ. One does not tire looking at it. The dark red panels resemble leather, and give an effect of richness and costliness that a conglomeration of colors apes, but fails to produce.

It is pretty and well-played. What more could one wish of an organ than these things?

I often wonder why it is that a high-pitched voice destroys for me the effect of a good sermon. The hush which pervades the church in the opening prayer, that prayer made in a voice of low pitch, but deep quality, charms me and holds me attentive. The gentle tones seem an indication of the nearness of God.

The loud harangue stirs up a spirit of opposition. I want to talk too. The doctrine falls unheeded, and I look at the pretty faces and handsome profiles.

The pastor's sermon was eloquent. It was learned. It was orthodox. But to me he seemed to deal out gospel bread with so much roughness that one forgot the gentleness, the love, the mercy and pity of the Great Being who invited all in hunger, in sorrow, or in pain, to come to Him. The psalms which were sung were aptly chosen. After all, there is no church music like a psalm. It contrasts the strength of the Deity and the weakness of humanity. It moves along with so much grandeur that one cannot sing the words heedlessly. The service over, the large congregation moved towards the doors in almost total silence. Never did I leave a church after an evening service, when almost the only sound was the rustle of dresses and the shuffling of wary feet in crowded aisles.

One girl talked, but she was really the only one. Her fur collar would not hook; and her big sister was cross and would not do it for her. This she explained to their mother. Save for her half-angry voice, which came to me as I neared the door, the large gathering dispersed in almost dead silence. It struck me as being peculiar, but—I liked it. DOUGLAS.

'Varsity Chat.

The usual weekly meeting of the Modern Language Club was held on Monday afternoon. The programme was devoted to the consideration of the early Elizabethan dramatists. Mr. W. S. McLeay, '91, opened with a reading given in truly masculine style. Miss Hillock, '92, followed with a short yet artistically-conceived paper on Marlowe, the greatest of the pre-Shakespearean dramatists. The paper brought to light a number of those gems of literature which shine for only too few.

A decidedly welcome innovation was made by Miss Teakey with her guitar. The soft, delicate music in the dim twilight, with its alternate delight and melancholy wove before our minds visions of romance and courtly Spain and gallant troubadours. Miss Teskey was deservedly encored. Pity some diviner of absolute away were not amongst us to bring to light the talent which modesty obscures.

After Mr. Northwood, '91, had given a spirited rendering of a selection from Marlowe's Dr. Faustus, Miss Mott, '90, read an essay on Jonson. Her estimate was comprehensive and the paper, which was partly devoted to a comparison of Jonson and Moliere in their treatment of the miser passion, was read with an intelligent vim which evoked a corresponding appreciation from the club. The programme was supplemented by short and interesting talks by Mr. John Squair, B. A., Mr. Chamberlain, B. A., and Mr. Jas. Brebner, '90. Altogether the meeting was one of the best within recent recollection.

'Varsity footballers have of late reaped a rich harvest of victory. Last Saturday was a day in a lifetime. At association in the presence of two thousand people, Galt fell before us for the championship of Canada. Enthusiasm knew no bounds; Olympia never saw a crowd more thrilled. After this game the crowd shifted to see Toronto meet us at Rugby. Here too was enthusiasm and here too victory. One win is all we hope for in one day, as a rule, but this double triumph made every 'Varsity man an inch taller.

On Tuesday, Toronto meds.—who have not yet become accustomed to the name 'Varsity—defeated their old time rivals of Trinity in a hard fought but somewhat one-sided game. So 'Varsity wins at everything, all the time. We are the champions of champions. After the game the cheering meds. procured a white-wash pail, several brooms and other emblems of complete success, and having hoisted the team on their shoulders marched about the campus in a triumphal procession which would have done honor to a Roman general. I had almost forgotten the brass-toned trumpets which one must hear to appreciate. They would undoubtedly smash Edison's phonograph. Mr. Con. Griffith led the orchestra of the 'Varsity meds. The Trinity musicians played small. The sad tone of one lone horn reminded me forcibly of the song of the dying swan.

Mr. "Watty" Thompson of 92, medicine, covered himself with glory in all three games; as did also Mr. Ivan Senkler, '90. 'Varsity men—and maids—are proud of these able-bodied brothers who carry our common standards against all comers.

The grounds are seen at their best in summer when the trees are green. Now the trees are bare and the grass has lost its freshness. The old building still stands, the admiration of us all; and a fitting emblem of true education with its two solid, beautiful, varied wings of a balanced culture and its lofty central tower of sturdy, unfailing aspiration.

Mr. R. J. Gibson, B. A., honorary president of the Glee Club, contributed the musical part of the programme at the Literary Society this week. "Bob's" sweet small tenor has not lost its charm.

Prof. Baldwin, the recently appointed head of the department of Mental Science, has decided to adopt an optional, seminary method for the study of Kant, similar to that in vogue in German universities. The idea seems to be growing that for such abstruse subjects the old sit-at-the-feet method does not yield the highest results.

Momentous changes are looked for in the curriculum now in preparation. As far as their nature is understood they are favorably regarded. NEMO.

"Tillicum."

(A SONG OF THE SIWASH.)

For Saturday Night.

By Vancouver, far away,
Where the Inlet's billows play,
In her quaint canoe alone
Anchored to a boulder stone,
Half in shade and half in sun
Sat the maiden "Tillicum."

"Tillicum" was not her name
Yet 'twill answer just the same,
Call a rose what name you will
And the perfume lingers still;
Queen of roses, there's but one
And 'tis matchless "Tillicum."

Looked she like old Ocean's bride
With her brown feet in the tide,
Idly splashing to and fro
As the waters seaward go.
Toes turned in—no doubt in fun,
Merry, mirthful "Tillicum."

Wild Eive of the Inlet fair,
Dusky cheek and ebon hair,
Gleaming teeth and sombre eyes
Showing dark as thunder skies,
Flowing tresses all undone—
Witching, beauteous "Tillicum."

Maiden why in lonely state,
Wherefore dost thou watch and wait,
Is thy mother at the store,
Loafs thy father on the shore,
Can't you get the rope undone?
Soft she answered "Tillicum."

"Till he come!" Ha! sure as fate
For her lover she doth wait,
Swift a jealous passion flew
All my system through and through,
For my weak heart was undone
By the sight of "Tillicum."

"Till he come," O! voice Æolian,
Sunbrowned maid of type Mongolian,
Chaos found pearl of ocean's strand,
Hear me, Norma, as I stand,
Tell me—but her voice was dumb,
Save a sweet, slow "Tillicum."

"Till he come" Ye gods! he might
In a moment heave in sight;
All is fair in love and war,
Now to play young Lochinvar!
Mai tan wis thou fly?"—she's mum,
Naught speaks she but "Tillicum."

"Till he come," O! he be "checked"—
We will flee this sunny strand;
"Till he come"—not so I vow—
Take the party present now;
Early bird should have the "wum,"
But she answered "Tillicum."

Till he—never! I will seize
This Indo-China-Japanese,
Nearer drew I—then I froze
Chill as ice from crown to toes—
Lost the prize so nearly won,
Fled and left her—Till he come!

Head of that kind ne'er was pressed
On a careful manly breast;
Love to many things is blind,
But he knows what lurks behind
Search of fingers and of thumb
In thy tresses, "Tillicum."

Siwash is the rankest bush
If the accounts on the "wash;"
In the gloom of raven tress
Lurks a moving tenderness,
That can fairly make things hum
For a white man—"Tillicum."

By the broad Pacific sea
She can wait in vain for me;
'Neath such Roman type of head
Love displays not so I fled—
Heard her murmur on the run,
Soft—"Cla-hi-er tillicum."

ED. W. SANDYS.

Trinity Talk.

Rev. C. E. Sills, '74, visited the college last week and was present at the laying of the corner stone of the new wing.

The weekly meeting of the Literary Institute took place as usual on Friday evening last, Mr. H. H. Bedford Jones in the chair. The essayist, Mr. Mackenzie, not being on hand, Mr. Patterson gave a very interesting reading which was followed by the debate, "Resolved that tax exemption is detrimental to a city's welfare," Mr. Coleman and Mr. Sloan speaking for the affirmative, and Mr. Bedford-Jones and Mr. Garrett for the negative, the latter winning by a small majority. Mr. Dumbrille then brought forward a motion to change the hours at which the Literary Institute library is opened. His motion will be voted on next meeting.

Dr. Bourinot, Clerk of the House of Commons, Ottawa, will begin a course of lectures on Tuesday, December 3, the general subject being: Studies in Comparative Politics. The last lectures delivered by Dr. Bourinot, at Trinity, were not so well attended by the undergrads. as they should have been, owing to their taking place in the heart of the cricket season, but an opportunity, such as they are now getting to hear so able a lecturer, will surely not be missed.

At a college meeting held in the reading room, on Monday afternoon, Mr. H. H. Bedford-Jones, '89, was appointed to fill the vacancy on the staff of the Trinity University *Review*, caused by the resignation of Mr. E N. Stevenson, who for the past year filled his position of editor ably and well, but owing to press of work found it unable to continue his office. The appointment is a happy one, and Mr. Bedford Jones takes up his office with the hearty support of the undergraduates.

Six members of the Trinity Glee Club visited St. Catharines on Monday last to give a concert under the auspices of Holy Trinity Church. The programme was taken part in only by the Trinity men, and judging from the way in which they were encored, was greatly enjoyed by the townspeople. Three glees were given, In Fairy Land, Joyous Life, Dame Durdon, which, with duets and solos by Messrs. Howden and Stevenson, completed the list. The men were most hospitably entertained by Mr. E. Morris, of St. Catharines. This will be the last appearance of the Glee Club this term, for owing to the rapidly approaching exams., one's thoughts must turn towards more serious matters.

At a meeting of the editors of the *Review* held on Saturday evening last, Mr. J. G. Carter-Troop was appointed editor-in-chief. This appointment was a much needed one as may have been seen from the last couple of numbers of the *Review*, and though it met with some opposition from several of the staff, they finally agreed to make some one person responsible for all matter inserted in the paper.

A devotional meeting of the Missionary and Theological Society will be held this evening in the Provost's lecture room.

A Week Too Late.

A young man about 23 years of age, dressed like a farmer, had his feet on the car seat in front of him and was reading a novel, when one of the boys went over to him and observed:

"I've just made a bet of five dollars on you."

"On me? What is it?"

"I've bet five dollars that you will suicide within a week. I've been watching you very closely for the last half hour, and all signs indicate melancholy and despondency. Have you selected any particular line of killing yourself—poison, the rope, drowning, or hanging?"

"Did you actually bet five dollars?" anxiously asked the young man.

"I did."

"Pay if you lose?"

"I'll have to."

"That's too bad. I wish I could have seen you last week."

"Why last week?"

"Because I then had the auger every day right along—two cows were sick on my hands—my girl had gone dead back on me, and I expected a windmill man was going to beat me out of four hundred dollars, and I did kinder think of suicide."

"But now?"

"All is changed. Cows got well—auger all gone—gal has set the day for next Wednesday, and the windmill man is straighter than a board. Darn my hide if I hain't going to try and live five thousand years."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Woman's Ignorance.

Mrs. Statesman—Do you know, sir, that you came home last night in an utterly disgraceful condition?

Mr. Statesman (swallowing about a quart of water)—Woman, do you know that the time of year has arrived when the country has to be saved again?

A Disease Not Wholly Unknown.

Smith—Hello, Jones, I hear you're to be married next week. Congrat——

Young Benedick Jones—Yes, I'm going to be married Monday. Say, Smith, what's the address of that doctor you think so much of?

Smith—Why, you ain't sick, are you?

Young Benedick Jones—I d' no', Smith—I feel awful queer. I have chills every few minutes, and a kind of sensation as if all my bones were sort of melting away cold. Ever hear of any thing like it?—*Puck.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

LENORE D.—Practical, warm-hearted and true.

EYE, Bracebridge.—Selfish, undecided and self-willed.

CURIOUS—1. Reserved, prudent, resolute, 2. Buffalo.

VIOLET, Welland.—Prudent, reserved and determined.

MARGORIE DAW.—Original, erratic, impulsive and obstinate.

ANNIE L.—Writing denotes amiability, prudence and reflection.

DON.—Egotistic, firm-willed, merry disposition and extremely careless.

ELEANOR, Sarnia.—Persevering, reserved and imaginative.

NINA, Port Hope.—Capricious, self-reliant and fond of display

ROSE (the writer of the letter), Welland.—Capricious, impulsive and of a lively disposition.

EDITH JOHNSTON, Goderich.—You are careless, impulsive, generous and decisive.

EDWARD P. TRANSMAR.—Witty, moody, quick-tempered, ambitious and easily discouraged.

STUDENT.—Frank, sincere, even-tempered, careless to a certain extent and original.

WITCH HAZEL, Hamilton.—Writing indicates firmness, persistency, love of luxury and so forth.

EATHERINE ADDERSHEER.—Decision, perseverance, and a taste for the good things of life.

BONNIE.—Vacillating temperament, independent and fond of inspiring.

MINNIE F, Cobourg.—This writing denotes a kindly and free nature, decision and amiability.

ALOPA.—Practical, determined, persevering and a firm and lasting friend.

VERA.—Capricious, resolute, a little selfish and headstrong.

CASSIUS.—I'm afraid you are very fickle, Cassius, also careless, original and studious.

ROSE BUD, Toronto.—Egotistical, ostentatious, cautious and reserved.

PEGGY.—Prudent, kind-hearted, inclined to suspicion and sensitive.

ANNIE.—Ada Grey will probably be here this season, and will, if she comes, pla. East Lynne. Ingenuity, peevishness and precision.

MONA, Orillia.—Rose Baughan is author of a book on Palmistry. Address 172 Strand, London, Eng. Undemonstrative, suspicious and cautious.

B. E. L. L. E.—Selfishness, obstinacy, a little carelessness and indecision. Your other questions are unanswerable. You will probably marry early for you seem to think of it while still young.

PATIENCE.—Practical, amiable and persevering. 2. I must refer you to Father Time. 3 A girl has about one chance in twenty to marry after twenty-eight years of age. That's rather long to leave it.

EFFIE.—He should ask your mother or a friend to accompany you. If you refuse he will of course understand the reason. Writing shows prudence, thoughtfulness, sentiment and self-esteem.

GERMANY.—Practical, prudent, decisive in action and firm in friendship. 2. Locomotive and Hidden Word games played with lettered cards prove quite interesting and call for alertness and quick perception.

JUMPING JACK, Kingston.—You shouldn't say "S-s," my dear Jumping Jack. It's well—"inappropriate." I fancy you are a good-hearted, energetic and very much best on having your own way—a self-conscious, self-sufficient mortal, so to speak.

LILLY B.—I wouldn't think about marriage for several years, if I were you. You are so young. If your mother has allowed his visits, she must approve of him. A paint d paper-knife, a letter-weight or portfolio or fancy inkstand would be suitable.

MINNEHAHA.—You ask me what kind of a girl you are. Well, I think you are a very funny girl to ask me that. And also what life would suit you. Truthfully speaking, I don't know. Your writing denotes sensitiveness, fitful temper and artistic temperament. The author of We Two is Edna Lyall

BUTTERCUP B.—Personal appearance amounts to nothing. Some handsome men can look so "irresistibly nice," that one quickly remembers that beauty's depth is only that of the skin. 2. Any little present—a book, a bit of fancy work, a photograph or engraving, will do nicely. Your writing shows carelessness, quick temper, impulsiveness, and lack of steadfastness in friendship.

RUTH.—I have read your letter attentively, and I am heartily sorry for you I believe you acted wisely, but you must have been a marvel of firmness to have done so. Is there no other way? If you do care for each other it seems sad that your lives should be separated. I would not call him dishonorable because he refuses to inform you. He may have supposed that you know. Your writing shows firmness, ambition, thoughtfulness and prudence.

IRA CLINTON.—We have lost the name of the writer of "Sometimes." Perhaps he will see this and send it. If so we will let you know. 2 There is no organized club. 3. A book of the road of Ontario is published by the Canadian Wheelmen's Association. 5. The duty is 30 per cent on cost. 4 The cost of a pony would vary according to kind. 5. Medical course fees—about $400. 6. All papers will read stories sent them, and publish them if suitable.

She Hadn't Any.

Mrs. Hollyhock—I don't want anybody to stick Sacred to the Memory of Betsy Hollyhock on me when I'm gone; fer I never heered anything yit that I didn't fergit it.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

Sister Louisa paused for a moment—it seemed to her that the young man's dark handsome face had turned exceedingly pale. He was leaning against the wall, close to the window; he moved aside a little, as if he did not wish her to see his face, and begged her to proceed with her story. She went on.

"Martha's tale at this point becomes confused; either she is not sure of what she said or reluctant to repeat it. Some slur, some reputation was no doubt thrown upon the name of Janie's father; and I believe that she thought that Martha knew her story and was insulting her. At any rate, the whole establishment was roused by the sound of screams proceeding from the room. We rushed thither, and found Martha crouching in a corner, shrieking hysterically, and declaring that Miss Wood was going to murder her; while Janie—poor Janie—

"I can imagine it," said Hubert, in a low tone; while Sister Louisa paused for breath—and perhaps to recover the calmness that she had lost.

"Our poor Janie," proceeded the kind-hearted woman, "was like one who had gone mad. She was white as death, her eyes were flaming, her hands clenched; but all that she seemed able to say were the words, 'My father was innocent—innocent—innocent!' I should think that she repeated the words a hundred times. Greatly to our sorrow, Mr. Lepel, the whole story then came out. We could not silence either Martha or poor Janie—who, I really think, did not know what she was saying. In spite of our efforts to keep the matter quiet, in a very short time the whole house—sisters, boarders, servants—all knew Jane Wood's sad history."

She noted the rigid lines about Mr. Lepel's mouth as he stepped forward from the window and spoke in a low stern tone.

"Was it impossible to prevent? It seems incredible to me. I hope"—almost savagely—"that you have punished for her extraordinary folly the woman who did the mischief?"

"She has been sent away," said Sister Louisa sadly; "but her punishment has not mended matters. Mr. Lepel. The excitement in the school was immense—unprecedented. We felt that it would be incumbent upon us to send Janie away for a time—until the story was to some extent forgotten."

"And you told her so? Women have hearts of stone!" cried Hubert. He forgot that his conduct had not hitherto proved that his own was very soft.

"I hope that we were not unkind to her," said Sister Louisa, with gentle dignity. "It was to be for a time only. We wanted her to go down to Leicestershire with two of our Sisters for a few weeks; we thought it advisable that she should have a change. The reverend Mother herself mentioned the plan to her. I noticed that she changed color very much when it was proposed. She made one of her sharp speeches—quite in her old way. 'I see—I am not good enough to associate with the other girls,' she said. We told her that it was no such thing—that we loved her as much as ever—that it was only for her own good that she was to leave St. Elizabeth's for a time; but I am afraid that it was all of no avail. She listened to what we said with a face of stone. And in the morning—in the morning, Mr. Lepel, we found that she was gone."

"Gone! Without the knowledge of any of you!"

"Entirely. She must have stolen out in the middle of the night and walked miles away. It is a wonder that no one heard her; but she is very light-footed and very nimble. She must have climbed the garden fence. She had left a folded piece of paper on her bed—it was a note for me."

"May I see it?" said Hubert eagerly.

Sister Louisa drew it from among the folds of her long black robes. He turned away from her while he read the few blurred hastily-written lines in which Janie said good-bye to the woman whom she had loved. He did not want Sister Louisa to see his face. He was more touched by her story than he liked to show.

"Dearest Mother Louisa," Janie had written, in her unformed girlish hand—"Don't be more angry and grieved than you can help! If they be true, I wish I was dead. I would have stayed. But every one will despise me now. I shall go to some place where nobody knows me, and earn my own living. Please forgive me! I do love you and St. Elizabeth's very much; but I must go away—I must! I can't bear to stay now that everybody knows all about me. I shall change my name, so you need not look for me."

The letter was simply signed "Janie"—nothing more. Hubert handed it back to its owner with a grave word of thanks.

"How is it," he said, "tha I did not hear of her leaving you before I came to Winstead? Mrs. Rumbold is supposed to give me information of anything of importance respecting the girl. I have not had a word from her."

"Nor have we, although we wrote and telegraphed at once. I am afraid that she is away from home. We did not know your address, or that you were interested in her."

"Of course not. I kept that matter to myself," said Hubert gloomily. "It seems that it was foolish of me to do so. May I ask what steps you have taken to discover the poor child?"

The Sisters, he found, had not been remiss in their endeavors. They had advertised, they had in communication with a London detective; they had consulted the local police; they had made inquiries at railway stations and roadside inns. But as yet they had heard nothing of the fugitive. The girl was strong and active, a good walker and runner; it seemed pretty evident that she had not gone by train or by ordinary roads. She must have plunged into the fields and taken a cross-country route in some direction. Probably she had gone to London; and in London she was tolerably safe from pursuit.

"Had she money?" Hubert asked of Sister Louisa.

"Not a penny."

"She will be driven back to you by hunger."

"I am afraid not. She was too proud to return to us of her own free will."

"Is she good-looking?"

"No, I think not," said the Sister, a little doubtfully. "She was tall for her age, thin and unformed; she had a brown skin and hair cut short like a boy's. Her eyes were beautiful—large and dark; but she was too pale and awkward-looking to be pretty. When she had a color—oh, then it was a different matter!"

Hubert took away with him a full description of Jane Wood's clothes and probable appearance, and on reaching London went to the office of a private detective. To this man he told as much of Jane's story as was necessary, and declared himself ready to spend any reasonable amount of money as long as there was a possibility of finding the lost girl. The detective was not very hopeful of success; the runaway had already had two days' start—enough for a complete change of identity. Probably she had put on boy's clothes and was lurking about the streets of London.

"But she had no money!" Hubert urged.

"She'll get some, somehow," the detective answered quietly.

For some days and weeks Hubert lived in a fever of suspense. He had set his heart on finding the girl and sending her back to St. Elizabeth's—or elsewhere. Some kind of home must be secured to her. For the sake of his own peace of mind, he must know that she was safe. He could not forgive Mrs. Rumbold for having been absent in Switzerland when Sister Louisa wrote to her of Jane Wood's flight, and thus being unable to inform him of it immediately. He had an unreasonable conviction that, if he had known at once of Janie's disappearance, he would have succeeded in tracking her. But for this opinion he really had no ground at all.

So days and weeks and months went on, and brought with them the conviction that the girl was lost for ever. Nothing was heard of her either at Winstead or at Beechfield, and Hubert Lepel was obliged at last to acknowledge that all his efforts had been in vain. The girl refused to be benefited; may hoped the wild blood in her veins had asserted itself; she was probably leading the outcast life from which he thought he had rescued her; she had gone down on the tide of poverty and vice and crime which floods the London streets. He shuddered sometimes when he thought of it. He haunted the doors of theatres, the courts and alleys of East London, looking sombrely for a face which he would not have known if he had seen it. He fancied that Andrew Westwood's daughter would bear her history in her eyes—the great dark eyes that he remembered as her sole beauty when she was a child.

It was a mad fancy. Torn of his desire to atone for a wrong that he had done to an innocent man. The wrong seemed greater than ever when it darkened the life of a weak young girl and tortured the heart of the innocent man's own child.

CHAPTER X.

Eight years had passed away since the tragedy that brought the little village of Beechfield into luckless notoriety. During those eight years what changes had taken place! Even at quiet rustic Beechfield many things had come to pass. Old Mr. Rumbold had been gathered to his fathers, and Mrs. Rumbold had gone to live with friends in London. The new rector was young, energetic, good-looking, and unmarried. At the Hall there were changes too. Enid Vane had grown from a delicate child into a lovely girl of seventeen. The house was no longer chill and desolate—brightness seemed to have come back to it with her growth—a brightness which even the general, saddened as he had been by his brother's death, could not resist. He had taken his own way of consulting to the cheerfulness of the Hall. Six months after Mrs. Sydney Vane's death he had married Clarissa Lepel, as Mrs. Vane had predicted that he would, and a little boy of five years old was now running about the Hall gardens and calling the general "father." The old man positively adored this little lad, and believed him to be perfection. He was fond of Enid and of his wife, but he doated on the child. He seemed indeed to live his life over in that little mother of the boy. Florence Lepel was not perhaps of a very loving disposition, but it was remarkable that she apparently almost disliked little Dick. She never petted or fondled the child—sometimes she rebuked him very angrily. And yet he was docile, sweet-tempered, and quick-witted, though not particularly handsome; but Florence had never liked children, and she made her own son no exception to the rule.

Eight years had changed Florence very little in outward appearance. She was still pale, slender, graceful—languid in manner, slow of speech, fond of lying on the sofa with French novels. But there were dark shades beneath her velvety brown eyes, as if she suffered from ill-health. She had taken to lying on a sofa a great deal; she did not visit much, and she seldom allowed any festivity at the Hall. She remained in her boudoir for the greater part of the day, with the rose-colored blinds down and the doors carefully closed and curtained to exclude any sound of the outer world; and while she was up-stairs the general and his daughter Enid and the boy had the house to themselves, and enjoyed their liberty extremely. In the afternoon Mrs. Vane would be found in the drawing-room, ready for visitors; but she generally returned to her boudoir for a rest before dinner, and steadily set her face against late hours in the evening. Nobody knew what was the matter with her; some people whispered hints of her "nerves," of the extreme delicacy and sensitiveness of her organization—some said that Beechfield did not suit her, and others whispered that she had never been "quite right" since her baby was born. At any rate, she was a semi-invalid; and she did not seem to know what was the matter with her any more than did other people. She sat in her luxurious lounging-chair, or lay on the softest of sofas, day after day without complaining, always pale, silent, graceful—an habitual smile, sweet and weary, upon her pinched lips, but no smile in her eyes, where a fire sometimes glowed which seemed to be burning her very life away.

One balmy September afternoon she had established herself in her accustomed place in the drawing room. A bright little fire burned in the polished steel grate—for Florence was always chilly—but the windows were open; a faint breeze from the terrace swept into the room and moved the lace curtains gently to and fro. The blinds were half drawn down, so that the shadows of the vine leaves on the terrace were perfumed atmosphere was grateful after the brightness of the autumn afternoon.

Florence Vane sat in her arm chair near the fire. She had a small table beside her, on which stood her dainty work-basket, half full of colored silks, her embroidery patterns, a gold vinaigrette, and a French novel. She had cushions at her back, a footstool for her feet, a soft white shawl on her shoulders. It was very evident that she liked to make herself comfortable. She wore a gown of pale blue silk embroidered in silver—a most artistic garment, which suited her to perfection, and which was as soft and luxurious as the rest of her surroundings. The white cat which lay curled up on a rug at her feet could not have looked more at her ease.

Hubert Lepel opposite to her sat a man of rather more than thirty, who looked thirty-five or even forty when the little light from the curtained window fell upon his dark face and showed the gray threads that were beginning to appear in his mustache. If he had been a woman, he would have sat with his back to the window, as Florence was doing now. But Hubert Lepel was not at all the man to think about his appearance, or to regret the fact, if he did think about it, that he looked more than his age. He had found it rather an advantage to him during the last few years.

Florence had not seen him for some time, and she commenced silently and acutely on the change in his appearance. He had a subtle face, she thought—keen, stern, sardonic—too deeply furrowed for a man of his age, too haggard to be exactly handsome, but certainly very interesting, especially to the mind of a woman who had seen little of the world. This was as it should be. She smiled to herself; she was a born plotter, and she had a scheme for Hubert's benefit now. It was only fair that he should partake of the good fortune that had fallen to her lot.

"It was kind of you to come," she was saying languidly, "for I know that you don't care for Beechfield."

"No," he said; "I prefer London on the whole."

"And foreign travel. It is quite extraordinary to think how little you have been in England for the last few years! I have not seen you for—how long, Hubert?"

"Three years, I believe."

"And then only for an hour or two in London, at intervals of six months! I hope that you are going to be a little more sociable now, and run down to see us occasionally."

The brother and sister looked at each other steadily for a moment without speaking. Each knew well enough what was in the other's mind.

"Yes,' said Hubert at last, in a peculiarly light and careless voice; "I think I shall."

He crossed his legs and settled himself into an easier position in his chair. "Beechfield is not a bad place to stay at for a few days—or even a few weeks—now and then. And you seem very comfortable, Florence."

"Yes, she said, "I am comfortable. The general is very kind."

"And you have a fine boy—a nice little chap," said Hubert, still lightly.

"Yes; he is a healthy child," she answered, in the mechanical way in which she had spoken before.

Hubert gave her a keen glance. He looked at the long but not ungraceful lines of her slender figure, at the blue veins which showed themselves in the dead white of her hands, at the shade beneath her eyes, and knitted his brows a trifle impatiently. Then he spoke in low tones which betrayed some suppressed emotion.

"You have gained all that you wanted," he said—"you ought to be satisfied."

She stirred a little in her chair, and allowed a faint smile to appear upon her lips.

"And you," she said, "are a very successful man. How many nights did you last play run? You are popular; you have made money; you ought to be satisfied too."

Each knew that the other was not satisfied at all, each knew the cause of this silent dissatisfaction with what life had to give.

"I am satisfied," said the man grimly.

It was the tone that said, "I will be satisfied in spite of fate! In spite of my own actions, my own sin, my own remorse, I will be satisfied!"

"You have changed your note," said Florence, regarding him curiously.

"And not too soon," he answered decisively. "There is nothing so useless as sorrowing over the past and regretting what cannot be undone. Let me recommend my philosophy of life to you. Make the best of what remains; you cannot bring back what have been lost away." There was a new hardness in his tone—not of recklessness, but of unflinching determination. He rose and stood on the hearthrug with his hands behind him as he spoke. "I have taken a new departure. I have wasted many hours of the past. I am resolved to waste not one hour in future. 'Though much is taken, much remains,' as the poet says; and you and I, Florence, have all to look for in the future and nothing in the past."

"That is true," she said, in a very low tone. "Nothing in the past!" Then she sat up, as if stirred to movement by his attitude, and looked at him again. "What has caused this change of mind, Hubert? Have you fallen in love?"

He uttered a short laugh.

"Not I—I don't know the sensation."

"You knew it a few years ago, when I thought you would marry pretty Mary Marsden."

"She married a Jew money-lender," said Hubert dryly. "I saw her the other day—she weighs fourteen stone, I should think!"

"Poor little Mary! It is not love then?"

"No, it is not." He was silent a minute or two, pulling his mustache with a quick nervous movement which betrayed some agitation of mind. Then he said quickly, "I had better tell you something and get it over, though I have no wish to rake up the memory of unpleasant subjects. I heard a few months ago that the man Westwood was dead."

"Dead! At Portland?"

"Yes. In an accident on the works where he was engaged. He died after a few hours' unconsciousness."

Florence meditated for a few moments and then said coldly—

"I think that I now understand."

"It will be better that we do not speak of the matter again," said Hubert in the masterful way which she was beginning to recognize as one of his characteristics. "It is all over and done with; nothing we can say or do will make any difference. The man is gone, and we can begin a new life if we choose."

His sister watched him with eyes which expressed a greater gloom than he was able to understand. Her hands began to tremble as he said the last few words.

"You can—you can!" she cried, almost with vehemence. "But for me—there is no life for me!"—and, covering her face with her hands, she began to weep, not violently, but so that he saw the tears oozing from between her slender fingers.

Hubert stood aghast. Was this trembling woman the cold imperturbable sister whom he had known for years? He had seldom seen Florence shed tears even in her youthful days. Was it the consciousness of her past guilt that had changed her thus?

Softened by that, according to all tradition, a woman's nature was more sensitive and delicate than that of a man. Florence was weighed down, perhaps by that sense of remorse which he had well-nigh forgotten. He had, as he had said, resolved to put the past behind him and to lead a new life. She, a woman, with all a woman's weakness, could not we can do.

"No," she said, letting her hands fall upon her lap and wearily submitting to his kiss—"nothing for you—nothing at all for you—now."

There was a deep meaning in her words to which he had not the slightest clue.

(To be Continued.)

He Could Not See.

"Want a shine, Boss?"
"I don't know. Do I need it?"—*Life.*

A Surprised Belle.

Two South Side belles, says *Chicago Chaff*, recently visited the stock yards, unknown to their mothers. Escorted by a gentleman friend they strolled around the yards viewing everything of interest. Miss C—— ll, knowing two were company and three were not, walked ahead, and finally the distance between herself and companions was considerable. Just as she turned a corner on one of the elevated ways she met, to her horror, a herd of wild steers, and in her fright the thought of flight never occurred. With the energy of despair the Prairie avenue girl laid hold of the fence and in a second was on top of it. At this juncture a party of gentlemen who were inspecting the pens below hove in sight. "Their amazement, not to say amusement, can be imagined when they saw a young lady in one of Worth's gowns, perched on top of the fence that guards the elevated roadway. Of course they came to her assistance and she found her friends as quickly as possible. She has seen all of the stock yards she wants to see, but the rescuing party have not, by any manner of means, seen all that they desire to of the pretty one from Prairie avenue.

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Dinguss (gnashing his teeth)—I am—for another $10.—*Mercury.*

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CHAPTER XXI.

The day broke chill and gloomy, presenting a strange contrast to the scene that preceded it. When Francis Ashton and his host drove to the station, the rain was threatening and a sharp wind was blowing. Both men looked grave and preoccupied; and the face of the elder was somewhat worn and haggard, and his eyes were dull, as if he had had but little sleep.

"I cannot tell you how grieved I am at this!" said Francis Ashton, as they stood together on the platform. "I wish you had let me see Sir Humphrey. I don't suppose I could have done much good; but—"

"I am sure your intentions are kind, Frank," answered Mr. Cameron quietly; "but no one's interference will mend matters. If I only knew—if I could but discover who sent that telegram!"

There was a light in the shipowner's dark eyes which told that under his southern softness of manner there was a southern fierceness of temper—and the face of the man to whom he spoke turned a shade paler.

"It is most strange," remarked the lawyer coolly, "that one can imagine no solution to the mystery! But, if the object was to make mischief, I believe it will fail. Sir Humphrey Gerant has too much sense to be influenced by such a trifle. Of course he was awfully savage at first; but I was so careful to impress upon him how my aunt had been assured of the death of——" He stopped, stammering a little—a sign of confusion very rare in the cool self-possessed man of business.

"I am afraid that nothing will weigh with Sir Humphrey so heavily as the fact that my poor boy is legally nameless," Mr. Cameron answered bitterly. "Here is your train, Frank. It was kind of you to come down yourself; but there is nothing to be done but wait for things to take their course. If Sir Humphrey breaks off the engagement, Hugh must know the reason; and I fear that it will kill his mother! Good-bye; you have done your best, I am sure."

It did not add to the comfort of Francis Ashton's journey to remember the cordial handclasp which accompanied his uncle's farewell, and to feel as he could not help feeling, how ill-deserved it was; but he endeavored to console himself with the assurance that there was really no reason for remorse—that, unless Sir Humphrey were a fool, he would not reject such an alliance for such a reason, and that he, Francis Ashton, had earned the reward for which he had sold his honor and become a traitor.

With a heavy heart Philip Cameron turned his horses' heads homewards. He knew something of Sir Humphrey Gerant's pride, and he feared for his son's happiness. Stanley too was very proud of her name and family, and he had often laughingly discussed nobility with her, and he had been impressed with her enthusiasm for all the family traditions of high honor and blameless lineage. Was her love for Hugh great enough to make her false to these, and induce her to wed with one whose name might at any moment be laden with dishonor!

It had happened so many years before that Philip Cameron had felt himself justified in believing that the old secret of sin and shame was buried in oblivion for ever—nay, at the time, through the astuteness of Sara's brother-in-law, Francis Ashton, was made the instrument unknown save to Lady Marian, Ashton, Nest and himself. How then could it have come out now! Who had sent that telegram! Who owed himself or his son so bitter a grudge that his revenge took such a form as this!

"My poor wife," he groaned, as he drove on slowly, notwithstanding that the rain had begun to fall—"it will kill her."

He knew how heavily this blow would fall upon the woman whose whole life had been darkened by the fear of it. While he and his sister had felt no insecurity and had deemed their secret safe from the whole world, the fear of discovery had made Lady Sara the wreck she was. It had hung over her like the sword of Damocles, suspended by a single hair. Day and night the fear had ever been present with her, and all her husband's love and his sister's devotion could not have made her forget its presence; and now the hair had broken and the sword had fallen.

There was very little hope in Philip Cameron's mind as he drove into the Brancepeth grounds. He did not think that Sir Humphrey Gerant would overlook the stain on the birth of Hugh, and he knew that, if the engagement were broken off, his son must know the truth; and, even if they used their best endeavours to prevent Lady Sara from knowing the reason of the rupture, she could not fail to guess it—and her husband's heart ached at the thought of the anguish she must endure.

The rain had increased to a veritable downpour when he reached the house, and, pausing for a moment in the great hall to remove his wet overcoat, he went to the library. His bailiff was awaiting for him in the study, a servant said, venturing to stop his master with the announcement as he crossed the hall; but Mr. Cameron sent a message of dismissal by the man and passed on. He felt feverish, anxious—the suspense seemed hard and difficult to bear.

"Is Mr. Hugh at home?" he asked, turning to the man who had brought the bailiff's message, as he reached the door of the library.

"No, sir. Mr. Hugh went off on horseback just before the rain began," the servant answered.

Mr Cameron entered the library and closed the door after him. It was a spacious room, lofty, and well lighted by windows overlooking the terrace. Its oaken ceiling was elaborately carved, as were the bookcases and mantel; while cleverly concealed in one of the panels was a low doorway leading into Sara's morning-room. Her husband opened it quietly and locked in. A fire was burning cheerfully upon the hearth; but the room was unoccupied. With a sigh of relief, he closed the door and turned away.

There was a fire in the library also, blazing up brightly; a pile of newspapers stood on a table; a reading-chair was placed near the hearth. There was a pleasant aspect of homely comfort about the room, enhanced perhaps by the dreary gray sky and the cheerless rain which beat against the windows. Mr. Cameron could not rest. He paced up and down the room in almost unendurable suspense; but most of his anxiety was for his wife. Dear as his son was to him, Lady Sara was dearer. Hugh was a man, and he had a man's strength and courage; he must bear this blow, if needs be, as his father had borne as cruel a one twenty odd years before. His fear was for his wife; and to spare her he would have suffered an agony of physical pain and welcomed it with joy.

He had been pacing up and down with slow, heavy footsteps for half an hour, anxious and unhappy, when the door in the panel was softly opened; and, glancing up quickly, he saw that his wife was standing there. At the first glance he discovered that there was a change in her which he was not prepared for. She was, as usual, very pale, but there was no trace of nervous excitement about her, and her eyes met his with a sad gravity which was strange when compared with the forced restless smiles with which she so often greeted him.

His heart was throbbing heavily as he advanced to meet her, forcing a smile to his lips and thinking how beautiful and sorrowful she looked as she stood in her long, loose gown of delicate dove-colored cashmere. Her golden hair, streaked with threads of silver, was drawn back from the white temples in which the blue veins showed so distinctly, and there were sorrowful lines about the sweet, pale lips; but she looked like a woman who could win love and keep it—who would be as beautiful in her decline as in her meridian.

"You are down early, dear!" her husband said, stepping toward her. "That is a good sign. You are better!"

"Yes—I am better," she answered: "and I am going to turn over a new leaf, Philip. Any less enduring love, any less tireless patience than yours and Nest's, would have wearied long ago of my selfish weakness; and I have resolved to take advantage of them no longer."

"Sara!" he exclaimed in surprise, looking at her wonderingly.

She closed the door by which she had entered, and then moved with him towards the fire till they stood side by side upon the hearth.

"You are surprised," she said, in her low voice, looking at him with so sad an expression in her blue eyes that the faint smile upon her trembling lips was like a gleam of sunshine on a clouded April day. "You have grown so used to my selfishness, to my weakness, to my egotism, that you can hardly believe in my reformation, Philip. How can I ever atone for my baseness! Oh, yes, that is the word—there is no other fitts the case so well!"

"Sara!" he exclaimed again, wondering if he heard her rightly, or whether some feverish fancies had obscured her brain. "I do not understand!"

"Let me tell you," she rejoined slowly. "I need not ask you to be patient, Philip, for you are always patient; but bear with me a little now. All these long years," she continued, making a little gesture of silence as she saw that he was about to speak, "I have turned my sorrow over and my pain with little thought of yours. So long ago that it seems a lifetime, Philip, I laid upon you the heaviest burden a man could bear—ah, let me speak, dear—my heart is so full that I must ease it thus!—you gave me noblest trust, truest love; and for six years I lived with you in closest intimacy with a black secret of sin and shame between us of which you knew nothing. You know how I deceived you—how basely, how cruelly—and you know how my sin carried you to your knowledge. I need not recall that time."

She was trembling now; and he put his arm round her to give her its support. She put her hand upon his shoulder as she went on:

"I knew that I had wronged you; but of the awful extent of that wrong I was ignorant until the terrible awakening came—and then I sank under the blow. I let you carry my poor kind Nest suffer, and, instead of helping you, I increased your pain. Oh, my husband, you forgave that wrong, cruel as it was; but can you ever forgive years of selfishness which have followed—years during which you have had to bear not only the burden of the shame and sin I laid upon you, but the burden of my weak health and my complainings! Oh, it was so easy, instead of standing up against our sorrow, to yield to it—to lie down and weep in the solitude of my room, or in Nest's arms, or to let my senses drift away in my weakness! It was so much easier to do that than to bear up bravely! I let my weakness grow until my health failed; and I was glad to have it so, because it saved me much pain, and it mattered nothing, in my selfishness and sin, that you had also had this anxiety to bear."

"You could not help it, my poor Sara!" he said, gently, as she paused exhausted.

"I thought I could not help it," she rejoined, hurriedly. "I thought I could not, and gave way utterly without an effort; but I was a stronger woman than Nest or you imagined, and she bore up, Philip. Oh, her patience, her love, her goodness during these long years—how she put away her own grief and helped me!"

The tears were rolling down her cheeks; but her weeping was no hysterical outburst; it was a soft summer rain, bringing healing and refreshment with it.

"It did Nest good," said Philip Cameron, tremulously; "it took her out of herself—it gave her empty life an interest it would have lacked otherwise."

Lady Sara shook her head, and, with a forced smile, continued:

"Last night, with the suddenness and vividness of a lightning-flash, I saw what my life had been. I was lying awake, brooding as usual over my own pain, when the pain which I had overlooked was revealed to me for a moment. I saw my own selfish weakness looking black as night beside your generosity; I remembered a look of patient endurance and repressed pain which I had noticed on your face and on Nest's last night, and I knew that something had occurred to cause you fresh distress and anxiety—something which, as usual, you had kept from me and were bearing in silence lest you should add to my pain; and by the light thrown upon it I saw how vile, how base, how despicable my conduct was, and I resolved, with Heaven's help, to be no longer shut out from your grief by my own egotism. Philip, you will not refuse to let me atone—you will not shut me out in your turn! Ah, my selfish weakness has fallen from me! I am strong now—strong enough to bear my full share of the trouble I have brought upon us. You will not let my unworthiness influence you now?"

In her humiliation she would have fallen at his feet; but he held her to his heart, his face bowed over hers, his pulses throbbing with a joy so deep that it was almost pain. If, in the past sorrowful years, he had thought sometimes that she had not borne her share of the burden laid upon them, he had never blamed her; but now he rejoiced with a great rejoicing.

A long silence followed as they stood thus heart to heart. The woman was trembling and faint with the unusual effort she had made; the man was wondering how she would bear what he must tell her.

"I am not wrong, am I?" she whispered presently. "Peace in presence here last night boded no good. There is some fresh trouble, Philip!"

She held her head back to look up into the eyes so full of sadness, so full of love, which rested upon hers. He bowed his head in silence and he felt her shudder.

"It is connected with that old trouble!" she whispered with tremulous lips, while he could feel how wildly her heart was beating against his own.

"Yes," he said sorrowfully.

"Does Hugh know!" she asked, in so faint a whisper that the words were scarcely audible. "Ah, do not be afraid to tell me!" she went on, with a sudden feverish access of strength. "I can bear it, Philip! I—I shall not faint! Does Hugh know!"

"I think not, dear; but Sir Humphrey Gerant has learned the truth."

"Sir Humphrey Gerant!" she moaned, while a gray death-pallor spread over her face; and, but for his arm, she would have fallen.

He put her gently into the reading-chair near which they had been standing, still keeping her hand in his.

"Sir Humphrey Gerant knows," he said gently. "He has learned it from some anonymous source, and went to Frank for corroboration of the assertion. Knowing how proud he is, my poor Sara, I fear we must look for trouble respecting Hugh; but I think he will not tell him, even if he insists on the engagement being broken off. If he keeps silence, Sara, I think I must speak if Hugh wishes it. He has a right to know the truth."

"Oh, yes—he has a right!" she agreed, in a vacant manner.

There was a long pause. Lady Sara's slight wasted figure drooped as if all her strength had left her; her husband stood with bowed head, looking gloomily into the fire.

"Who will tell him?" she murmured, faintly.

"I will tell him," Philip Cameron answered. "I will tell him—alone, dear," he added, quickly, seeing she looked up with a great fear in her face. "You must not be present."

"You are afraid," she said, with a ghastly smile—"you are afraid that he will curse me! And I deserve his curse!" she added, wildly.

"Do you know him so little as to think that!" said Philip Cameron, reproachfully.

She shook her head wearily as it rested against the back of the chair; then a faint smile illumined her face, giving it a strange, almost unearthly loveliness.

"He is your son," she whispered; "that should give me hope!"

"It may be that Sir Humphrey will do nothing," said Philip Cameron, after a silence during which he could not trust his voice to speak. "He may not punish Hugh for a misfortune for which he is in no way responsible. He is grieved of course; but Stanley is loyal and true, and she may influence him, and Hugh need never learn the truth."

"Yes; Stanley is true and loyal," she answered drearily; "but the Gerants are proud."

Lady Sara raised herself slowly and stood erect; and at the same moment the door in the wainscoting slipped back, and Nest appeared, looking anxious and troubled.

"Ah, you are here, Sara!" she exclaimed in a tone of relief. "I did not know you were downstairs until I found your rooms empty."

"Our talk is over," said Lady Sara, holding out her hand to Miss Cameron. "Philip understands now, Nest. Whatever we have to bear we will bear together in future."

Her voice was very low and feeble, but she was smiling. As she stood with one hand in Nest's, she turned slightly to her husband and gave him the other. He bent his head over the thin white hand in silence and kissed it. Then, when she saw Nest reach the door, she looked back over her shoulder with a little gesture of farewell to her husband; and, as they passed into the adjoining room, the panel slid back into its place, the spring making a sharp little click as it did so.

"Nest," said Lady Sara, in a horse voice, when they were alone in the inner room—"oh, Nest, help!"

She had put out her trembling hands with a strange groping motion, like one who is suddenly stricken with blindness; and, when Nest led her to a chair, she sank helplessly into it without power to speak or move, utterly prostrated by the effort she had made.

(To be Continued.)

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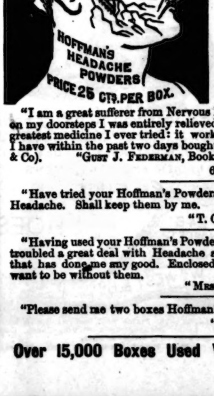

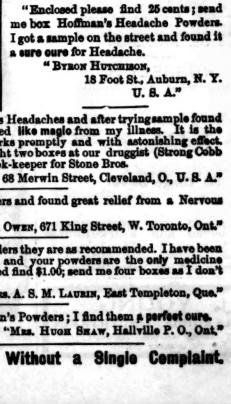

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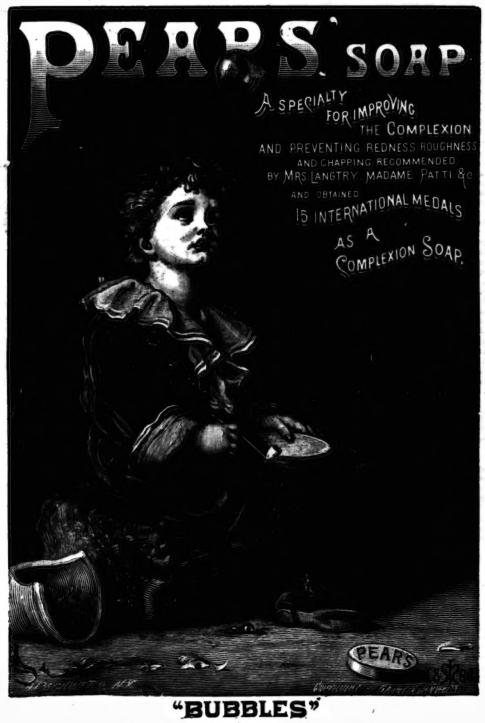

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Have completed their organization and have opened a store in Toronto at 15 King Street West. Their tea is only sold in cans, price $1 each. In order to introduce their choice blends of teas, this Company will put a souvenir in every can such as gold and silver watches of the best American and Swiss makers. Also genuine emeralds, diamonds, pearls, turquoise, amethyst, and sapphire jewelry set in solid gold, and various other articles of less value too numerous to mention. Bear in mind that this costly method of advertising will be discontinued after 60 days' time. The following are among the fortunate purchasers up to date:

P. Conolly, with Bank of Commerce, residence 37 Henry Street, paid $1 for a can of tea, and on opening it found a genuine diamond ring in a solid gold setting. Mrs. J. Watt, 2 Bellevue Avenue, found a genuine diamond and ruby ring, in solid gold setting; also Mrs. F. A. Nicholson, 318 Markham Street, got a genuine diamond ring, in solid gold setting in her can. Mrs. J. C. McDonald, West Toronto, paid $50 for 13 cans of tea, and found in one can a gent's solid gold hunting-case Elgin, jeweled movement, stem-wind and set watch. J. A. Curran, Assistant Treasurer Toronto Opera House; George Lennox, confectioner, 259 King Street East; W. Armour, boat builder, Esplanade Street West; Mrs. J. A. Brodie, 233 Carlton Street; Mrs. A. Kuase, Metropole Hotel; Mrs. Mary Soles, 982 Queen Street West; Mrs. J. J. Funston, 292 Robert Street; H. Miller, clerk at Belder Bros., 243 King Street East; F. A. Bain, agent R., W. & O. R. R., 5 Adelaide Street East; A. C. Steele, barrister, 11 Adelaide Street East; A. McLean, with Scott & Colburn; Ph. Jacobi; importer of leather, 5 Wellington Street East; W. H. Deveeke, traveling salesman, 22 Wellington Street East; F. D. Duffett, dealer in dry goods, 519 Queen Street West; Thomas W. Dyas of the Toronto *Daily Mail*; Jas. Heeney, manufacturer of upholstering springs, 23 Melinda Street, and ex-Alderman Drayton, York Chambers, Toronto Street, each found articles of genuine diamond jewelry, in solid gold setting, in their cans. J. Gooding of the Palmer House paid $1 for a can of tea, and on opening it found a genuine diamond, ruby and opal ring, in solid gold setting. G. Brown, with Milne & Co., 189 Yonge Street, found a genuine diamond ring, in solid gold setting, in his can; Miss Jennie Hurley, saleslady, got a lady's solid gold case, stem-wind and set watch in her tea; Miss Anna Jones, seamstress, found a genuine diamond, ruby and sapphire lace pin, in solid gold setting; R. G. Wilkie, publisher of the *Fireside Weekly*, 650 Spadina Avenue, found a genuine diamond ring, in solid gold setting; also, J. A. Walker, salesman, with J. D. King & Co., 243 King Street East, got one of a similar kind in his can; W. A. Hewish, real estate dealer, 17 King Street West, found a genuine diamond, in solid gold setting; E. F. Wheaton, the well-known dealer in gents' furnishings goods, 17 King Street West, got a genuine diamond ring, set in solid gold, in his tea.

Orders by mail accompanied by cash or post-office order from any part of Canada will be promptly forwarded. Parties getting up a club of $10 or $20 always get a valuable souvenir. Single cans $1, 6 cans $5, 13 cans $10, 27 cans $20. Address

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NOTICE.

A general meeting of the shareholders of the SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED) will be held at the office of the said Company on

Wednesday, December 11, 1889

AT THREE O'CLOCK P.M.,

when the annual statement will be presented and officers elected for the ensuing year.

WILLIAM M. HALL, Secretary-Treasurer.

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A gentleman, coming home at evening, spoke harshly to his little three-year-old, who was playing very noisily.

The little lady dropped her plaything and retreated hastily to a corner.

"What's the matter?" asked papa.

"Well," said the child, "I've been a good girl all this day, and now you come home and make trouble the very first thing."—*Sunday Mercury.*

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, office, 4 King Street East. Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

WEBBROOM—At Montreal, on November 15, the wife of Mr. W. N. Webbroom of the Burland Lithograph Co.—a daughter.

CANFIELD—At Ingersoll, on November 24, Mrs. F. D. Canfield—a daughter.

MILNE—At Toronto, on November 22, Mrs. J. A. Milne—a son.

HUMPHREY—At Scarboro, on November 21, Mrs. R. Humphrey—a son.

ABBOTT—At Toronto, on November 22, Mrs. Frank Abbott—a son.

HARGRAFT—At Cobourg, on November 24, Mrs. Alex. R. Hargraft—a son.

LINDSEY—At Toronto, on November 23, Mrs. George Lindsey—a son.

BIGNELL—At Toronto, on November 23, Mrs. C. A. Bignell—a son.

NORRIS—At Toronto, on November 24, Mrs. Charles C. Norris—a son.

DICKSON—At Toronto, on November 25, Mrs. R. A. Dickson—a daughter.

LEONARD—At Toronto, on November 25, Mrs. William Leonard—a son.

McKENZIE—At Toronto, on November 9, Mrs. Thomas C. McKenzie—a son.

PARKER—At Toronto, on November 15, Mrs. Albert Parker—a son.

PATON—At Toronto, on November 21, Mrs. John Paton—a son.

SMITH—At London, on November 24, Mrs. Will J. Smith—a daughter.

TATE—At Orange, N. J., on November 20, Mrs. A. O. Tate—a daughter.

BLACKBURN—At Toronto, on November 26, Mrs. Hubert Blackburn—a daughter.

KIRBY—At Toronto, on November 25, Mrs. John B. Kirby—a daughter.

Marriages.

SMITH—WATERS—At Niagara-on-the-Lake, on November 16, James Smith to Minnie Waters.

CLELAND—BLONG—At Toronto, on November 13, Dr. G. R. Cleland to Lizzie Blong, both of Toronto.

PEARGLE—DILL—On November 19, A. R. Pringle to Sara Dill.

GEDDES—CRAMPTON—At Toronto, on November 27, Thomas Geddes of Edinburgh, Scotland, to Hattie Crampton.

HALL—OLIVER—At Toronto, on November 27, William Beverley Hall to Etta Carl Oliver.

RAYMOND—O'BRIEN—At Toronto, on November 24, Oliver Raymond to Lucy O'Brien.

CLAY—CARLEY—At Toronto, on November 27, Alfred Thomas Clay to Olive Carley.

Deaths.

MARKS—At London, Ont., on November 25, Mark Marks, aged 48 years.

CRAIGHTON—At Vaughan, on November 23, Mrs. Robert Crenshton, aged 84 years.

ANDERSON—At Toronto, November 24, Ive Elizabeth, youngest child of Alexander and Maggie Anderson, aged 4 months.

MILLAR—At Perth, Ont., on November 20, James Morton Millar, aged 45 years.

OGILVY—At Toronto, on November 23, James Smith Ogilvy.

SLOANE—At Quebec, on November 20, William Sloan, aged 67 years.

JELLETT—At Picton on November 21, Robert Patterson Jellett, aged 62 years.

CLEMENTI—At Peterboro', on November 24, Mrs. V. Clementi, aged 67 years.

COONEY—At Toronto, on November 25, Catherine Cooney.

DAVIS—At Toronto, on November 25, succumbed to the accident received while shooting on Thanksgiving Day, George Davis, aged 43 years.

LATIMER—At Sault Ste. Marie, on November 18, Mrs. L. Latimer, aged 25 years.

PERRY—At Toronto, on November 25, Mrs. Sarah B. Perry.

POSTER—At Cobourg, on November 16, William J. Poster.

RUSSELL—At Toronto, on November 26, James T. Russell, aged 46 years.

PHILIPS—At Chicago, on November 17, daughter of Rev. W. A. and Annie Phillips, aged 8 months.

DAVIDSON—Suddenly, at Toronto, on November 26, Mrs. R. G. Davidson.

VOICE CULTURE AND PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION.

MISS MARIE C. STRONG, Primo-Contralto, has much pleasure in announcing that she is now prepared to give lessons in Voice Culture and Pianoforte Playing. Open for engagements at sacred and secular concerts. Circulars, terms, etc., at the piano warerooms of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, and Suckling & Sons', or 23 Gerrard street west.

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